

CONFIDENTIAL RECORD SHEET
REGISTRATION SERVICE
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

DATE: 3/24/89

FULL NAME JAMES JOSEPH O'BOYLE

S.S. NO.

(No initials if you can possibly get full name)

ADDRESS

CITY Rockville

STATE Penn.

ZIP CODE

DATE OF BIRTH (This is important and should be exact)

APPROXIMATE AGE 39 (To be used ONLY when date of birth is not known)

RELIGION NATIONALITY (Citizen of) Irish-USA

(Officer -in-charge)

OCCUPATION Police Officer/East Rockhill Township Bucks County

EDUCATION

WEIGHT 190

HEIGHT 6'

RACE Caucasian

COLOR OF HAIR Red/brown grey COLOR OF EYES Hazel

ANY DISTINGUISHING PHYSICAL

HOBBIES OR SPECIAL INTEREST

MARRIED ☐ SINGLE ☒

CHILDREN

(Name, r

SCOUTING CONNECTIONS:

UNIT # CITY STATE

Chartered Organization

SPECIAL RECOGNITION

INCIDENT: TYPE

Type

1=Scout Related

2=Non-scout related

3=homosexual (not specific)

Check off list of attached

1. Description of incident
2. Victim(s) statement
3. media reports
4. Legal proceedings
5. Offender's statement
6. Official notification of termination
7. Found guilty/innocent by court

Council Bucks County Council #777 Signed

Registration/National

SCOUT EXECUTIVE

CONFIDENTIAL

APR 14 1989

F. STARON

3828r-eko-11/3/88

CONF011123

May 26, 1989

Mr. David E. Hasel
Scout Executive
Bucks County Council, No. 777

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

SUBJECT: JAMES JOSEPH O'BOYLE

Dear David:

Thank you for the detailed information sent concerning the above Scouter. This case has been reviewed with our attorney and is now on our permanent Confidential File.

Sincerely,

Paul Ernst, Director
Registration Service

je

cc: Northeast Region

READY TO FILE
MAY 24 1989
ERIN O'RILEY

CONF011124

February 14, 1989

READY FOR FILE
FEB 14 1989

Mr. David E. Hasel
Scout Executive
Bucks County Council, No. 777

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

SUBJECT: JAMES JOSEPH O'BOYLE

Dear David:

I wrote to you on January 5, concerning the above named individual. At that time I asked that a Confidential Record Sheet be completed, so that we could identify Mr. O'Boyle should he attempt registration at some later time. I realize he is in prison now, but sometimes the court systems work in mysterious ways and people are released after a short period of time. We certainly would not want this individual associated with the Boy Scouts of America.

Please help me to complete this file, so that we will not have to be concerned in the future.

Sincerely,

Paul Ernst, Director
Registration Service

je

cc: Northeast Region

CONF011125

January 5, 1989

*Added to CF file
no reg found on
Computer.
1/6/89
cm*

Mr. David E. Hasel
Scout Executive
Bucks County Council, No. 777

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

SUBJECT: JAMES JOSEPH O'BOYLE

Dear David:

I have recently received information in a newspaper article concerning the above named individual. It seems that he once worked at a Boy Scout camp and we, therefore, feel that he should never be associated with the Boy Scouts of America again.

I am enclosing a confidential record sheet which I would like to have completed. The completion of this so that we could identify him is all the information we would need for the future since I have a complete file from the magazine article which is in my possession.

Thanks for your help in completing this information.

Sincerely,

Paul Ernst, Director
Registration Service

elo

cc: Enclosure

cc: Northeast Region

READY TO FILE
JAN 05 1989
ERIN O'RILEY

CONF011126



BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

National Office
1325 Walnut Hill Lane
P.O. Box 152079, Irving, Texas 75015-2079
214-580-2000

December 29, 1988

PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL

SUBJECT: NAME FOR CONFIDENTIAL FILE
JAMES JOSEPH O'BOYLE

From: Debra C. Duhs *acd*
Assistant Director, Risk Management

To: Paul Ernst
Director, Registration

The attached article concerning James Joseph O'Boyle contained in the 1987 issue of "Philadelphia" magazine is attached for your review. Page 186 indicates that J. J. O'Boyle once held a job as riflery instructor at a Boy Scout camp in Point Pleasant, Pennsylvania. We certainly don't want this guy involved in the Scouting program in any way! I recommend James Joseph O'Boyle be placed in the Confidential File.

kf

enclosure

CONF011127

Boy Crazy

Former state trooper Jim O'Boyle was on his way to becoming a police chief—until his secret life became public.

BY STEPHEN FRIED

IN 1984, JAMES JOSEPH O'BOYLE, "J.J." to his friends, was a police officer in East Rockhill Township, a hilly patch of outer suburbia in upper Bucks County. His official position in the two-man police department was "Officer in Charge." He liked the sound of "acting chief" better, but either title adequately explained the situation: The last chief had resigned and the supervisors in the 1,800-resident township hadn't quite decided whether to hand the job over to O'Boyle, who was next in line.

"O.I.C. O'Boyle," as he referred to himself in memos, was a modestly handsome man, with graying, red-brown hair, a strong nose and engaging hazel eyes. The eyes compensated for a weak chin, even after his 39 years had transformed it into a weak double chin. O'Boyle was a big man, over 6 feet, but his size was not distributed evenly and his body seemed strangely out of proportion, too small at the top and too wide in the middle, making him look somehow awkward in civilian clothes. The most flattering outfit he owned was his police uniform; it was the only clothing in which he looked absolutely right, relaxed and comfortable.

O'Boyle was, in many ways, an almost stereotypical, old-fashioned Irish cop. He loved to sing the old Irish songs with his fellow officers. He was the tenor in the choir at the Catholic church he faithfully attended at least once a week. Except for the few years he had been assigned to the state police barracks, he had always lived with and supported his mother. That arrangement ended only when she died, not long after J.J.'s 31st birthday.

O'Boyle had made a reputation for himself as a hard-working, perhaps even overzealous, police officer, always willing to put in extra hours. Sometimes, late at night, he would take the township's police car and patrol the neighborhoods. His enthusiasm and his ability to talk with people



In 1976 O'Boyle was forced to resign from the state police after being accused of showing X-rated movies to two ten-year-old boys. Although his superiors believed that his actions "amounted to a criminal offense," no charges were brought because the boys' parents didn't want them to go through the ordeal of testifying publicly.

day a priest friend was ordained, the day a childhood pal he hadn't seen in 20 years had been wounded in Vietnam, the day he started with the East Rockhill Police Department, the day a young friend had promised that he would stop smoking marijuana, the day another young friend first went hunting, the day he and yet another young friend had attended an Elvis Presley concert.

But there were also other entries in the datebook, entries that were less easily understood, entries that didn't seem to belong in the daily log of a cop:

EXTACY—ROBERT'S FIRST TIME (1971)

KENNY'S FIRST TIME (1977)

LEE'S FIRST TIME (1977)

PB LAST TIME (4-4-68)

JUNE 5—THE DAY I LOST MICHAEL P. COWLIN

When the names in these entries were cross-referenced with their birthday listings, another side of Officer in Charge James O'Boyle began to emerge. Simple arithmetic showed that Kenny's, Lee's and Robert's "first time" all occurred before they had reached 12 years of age. Michael Cowlin was 11 when O'Boyle "lost" him. Michael's "first time" was at age 9.

As it turned out, all of the boys, and at least 15 others, were part of the compulsive secret life of Officer in Charge James O'Boyle. For nearly 20 years there were rumors but, incredibly, no criminal charges, even though his private life

made him the kind of officer superiors described as "exemplary" if not "excellent." He was personable and pleasant, possessing the gift of gab. And he relished the opportunity to deliver stern law-and-order lectures to any wayward child or adult who would listen.

Still, he was always nice, almost relentlessly nice. He was obsessive about performing those ingratiating little kindnesses that reinforced his image as a good and trusted friend. He regularly called and sent cards or letters to friends and acquaintances, and their children as well, observing occasions as important as a birthday and as slight as the anniversary of the day somebody passed his driver's test.

The instruments of his diligent correspondence were a heavy, leather-bound datebook and a smaller address book, which he carried wherever he went. They were fastidiously organized and compulsively filled in. At the beginning of the year, he would go through a new datebook and print "NO MEAT" on each Friday, and "Bachelor's Day" on February 28th. Then he noted every birthday, anniversary, commemoration and milestone that he could think of: the day his mother died, the

was known to his police superiors in three different law enforcement jobs. Finally, in June of 1986, O'Boyle was indicted on 22 counts of child sexual abuse. A headline in the local Quakertown *Free Press* would sum up the story that was about to unfold: O'BOYLE AN ADMITTED PEDOPHILE BUT "NOT A BAD GUY."

THE PORNOGRAPHY COLLECTION amassed by Jim O'Boyle was so extensive that it had to be wheeled into the courtroom on a flatbed dolly. The books, magazines, photographs, 8 mm films and videocassettes had long ago overflowed the black metal steamer chest he had hidden them in. Now they filled the chest, a suitcase and two boxes. Since there was to be no trial—O'Boyle, now bloated, bearded and nearly broke, had agreed to plead guilty to the criminal charges—the public display of the \$25,000 pornography collection became the afternoon's main event by default.

In a tone of voice imbued with genuine outrage and a bit of the self-righteousness some men feel when they catch someone else reading dirty books, the assistant D.A. called out the names of the publications as he passed them to the judge: *Oh, Boy!*; *Billy Marshall*; *Boy Model*; *Child Love*; *Boys for Sale*; *Here's Steve: A Photographic Study of an Everyday English Schoolboy*. Long after the point had been made, the judge was still being handed books and magazines, patiently perusing each before adding it to one of the neat piles next to his gavel.

In repetition, even the repugnant can become mundane, and after a while the litany of repellent crimes seemed no different from any other heard in the courtroom that day:

- involuntary deviate sexual intercourse, 3 counts
- sexual abuse of children, 3 counts
- statutory rape, 1 count
- indecent assault, 3 counts
- indecent exposure, 3 counts
- obscene and sexual materials, 1 count
- corrupting the morals of a minor, 10 counts

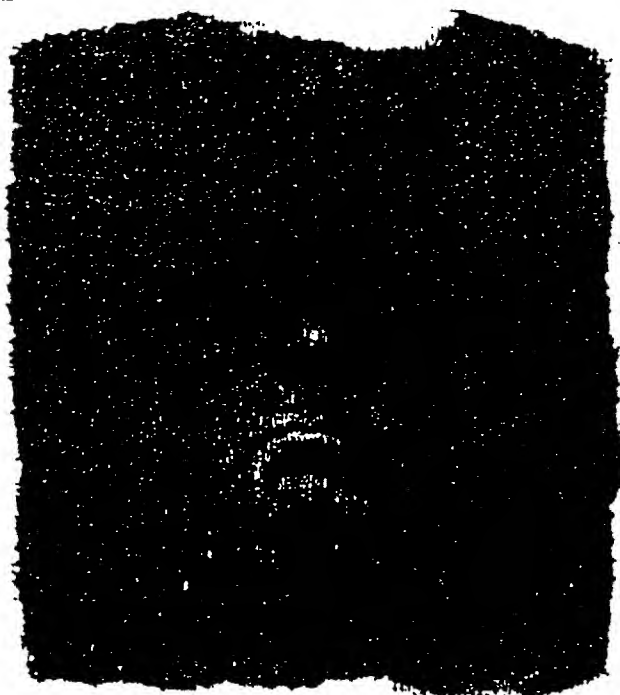
Finally O'Boyle was allowed to enter his guilty plea, after which he was whisked away to await a pre-sentence investigation. His books and magazines were returned to the dolly and wheeled back out of the Doylestown courtroom, into an elevator and up to the D.A.'s office on the fourth floor.

Days later, the collection would again be unloaded, onto a long wooden table in a narrow room lined with law books. This time, the assistant D.A. and chief detective who had handled the case would make special note of other pieces of evidence, items that were almost negligible in terms of the specific criminal charges but were absolutely essential to un-

HOW THIS STORY WAS PREPARED

TO RECONSTRUCT THE STORY of James O'Boyle, senior editor Stephen Fried conducted extensive interviews during the last year and a half with O'Boyle himself, state and local law enforcement officials, and a number of O'Boyle's young victims, friends and colleagues. Many of those who declined to be interviewed or could not be contacted had either testified before the Bucks County investigating grand jury or had given detailed statements to the Pennsylvania state police or investigators from the Bucks County district attorney's office. Personal belongings of O'Boyle's, including many of his letters (which were entered into evidence) and his datebooks (which were never obtained by authorities), were also used as sources. In all instances, reported dialogue is based on interviews with at least one of the speakers, or statements the speakers made to police or before the grand jury.

In the interest of privacy, a number of the names appearing in the story have been changed. The fictitious names are: Maggie and Michael Cowlin, Dolores and Peter Fessing, Alice and Dennis Stevens, Janet and T.K. Fegley, Lucas Moore, Kim Marrian, Kenny Gallery and several boys referred to only by their first names.



HE WARNED THE BOYS THAT IF THEY EVER TOLD ANYONE, THEY WOULD NEVER SEE THEIR "BIG BROTHER" AGAIN.

derstanding what had happened in the O'Boyle case: the bizarre drama behind each numbered violation, and the charges that couldn't be brought because the statute of limitations had run out or the victims refused to testify, or simply because stupidity and irresponsibility aren't always illegal, even when at least 20 children have been sexually abused as a result.

The assistant D.A. would point out such items as a set of Little League baseball rules. Letters O'Boyle had written to a pedophile pen pal. Strips of wallet-size pictures of elementary school students. Movie rental records, subpoenaed from O'Boyle's local video store. And a thick petition signed in 1985 by almost every adult in East Rockhill Township, demanding that James O'Boyle be named chief of police.

The county detective would display an innocent-looking picture clipped from the sports pages of a local newspaper: the members of a boys' junior high school basketball team, bent over and huddled around their coach.

"What's this doing here?" he was asked.

"That's pornography to a guy like O'Boyle," the detective replied authoritatively, and then chuckled nervously. "All those young boys, leaning over, in those shorts. I know it seems unbelievable, but that's as provocative to him as any picture in *Playboy* is to you and me."

It did seem unbelievable. It seemed like something that most people would instinctively deny—whether they believed it or not—because it was just too threatening. Because if such a thing could be true, then human beings would have to be far more complex and strange than many of us would like to

believe.

And denial was just the reaction O'Boyle had correctly assumed people would have. For every child O'Boyle had sexually abused or attempted to abuse—so far 20 boys have been identified, although a recent study suggests that typical child sex offenders have an average of 117 victims—there was someone who had settled for "unbelievable." There were cops who looked the other way, employers who didn't make routine background checks, reporters who knew but didn't or couldn't write the story. There were divorced and widowed mothers whose own romantic interest in this single, churchgoing cop may have blinded them to the fact that he was less interested in them than in their sons.

Had O'Boyle been a violent child molester or a rapist, his behavior might have been easier to acknowledge. But he was one of a much rarer breed of sex offender. A pedophile in the classic sense of the word: a lover of children, a seducer of children, a person who is sexually attracted only to young people of certain ages—in O'Boyle's case, boys between eight and puberty—and is therefore doomed to require new objects of desire as the kids grow up. Some experts now say that this sort of behavior should be considered a form of mental illness, an addiction. Law enforcement hard-liners say a crime is a crime, mental illness or not.

O'Boyle himself says: "The sex was not the most important thing. Sex without love is nothing. The sex is just the icing on the cake—but there was a lot of batter, too. I know people think sex at ten is too early. But I think we are sexual beings.



By 1980 O'Boyle was a full-time cop again, and was even next in line for the chief's job in tiny East Rockhill Township. He convinced friends that he had put his "problem with little boys" behind him. But, in fact, he was—according to one detective—"hitting on anything that moved." It was five years before the rumormongers caught up with him.

see no reason why the age shouldn't be lowered, perhaps even to six or eight.

That political viewpoint might sound like something worth considering, at least from an intellectual point of view—until you meet the kids involved. Of those boys, some now young men, believed to have had sexual contact with O'Boyle, most were troubled, undisciplined—ripe targets for intervention by a kindly grown-up in a police uniform. One of the victims is now in county prison for a violent assault on his girlfriend and several robberies. He has vowed to kill O'Boyle. One is in state prison for beating an 87-year-old woman nearly to death and writing "KKK" on the wall in her blood. Another is a teenage alcoholic and still another attempted suicide not long after testifying before the grand jury.

But even after the 22-count indictment, most of the East Rockhill people whose streets O'Boyle once patrolled didn't

It is at the core of us. Sex is just the positive feedback we're giving each other."

There have been organized attempts to institutionalize, or at least to legally protect, this viewpoint. In fact, there are two underground organizations that act as "support groups" to those who feel as O'Boyle does: the North American Man Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) and the Rene Guyon Society, radical groups that have been largely disavowed by the mainstream gay community. Jim O'Boyle belonged to both of them. The groups exist mainly to help pedophiles trade child pornography and to share seduction techniques. But their political position is that their sexual proclivities will one day be decriminalized or even legalized the same way many once-illegal sexual practices have been in the recent past. The ages at which state and local governments permit a great many things have been shifting with public opinion for the past two decades. In Pennsylvania, for example, the legal age of sexual consent has fallen from 18 to 15 to 14 since 1972. The national standard is about 16, though in some states, including New Jersey, it is as high as 18. Groups like NAMBLA

believe he had done anything wrong. They accepted the notion that he had persistently put forward: The indictments were the result of a political vendetta against him in Bucks County D.A.

Even now, almost a year after he pleaded guilty and serving his sentence, there are those who have remained loyal. One woman, whose own son testified before the jury—leading to a "corrupting the morals of a minor" conviction to which O'Boyle pleaded guilty—continues to write to her convicted friend in prison. One 20-year-old to whom O'Boyle has been a father figure continues to visit him in prison. Several women, some married, wait anxiously for the day O'Boyle gets out of jail. One of them recently asked O'Boyle to lock of his chest hair.

THE CRIMES OF OFFICER O'BOYLE

IN 1974, MAGGIE COWLIN and her eight-year-old son Michael were still trying to adjust to life without a man in the house. Maggie was a smart, reasonable woman who was going to let divorce defeat her. She had a child to take care of and a life to live. Michael, however, had grown disobedient since his father left. The divorce had been especially traumatic for the bright, pug-nosed boy with the round face and wide eyes. As many children of divorce do, he blamed himself.

Maggie Cowlin was a churchgoer, and it was at mass she noticed a newcomer, a tall, attractive, impeccably groomed man in his late 20s who seemed to be the answer to some of her prayers. He was single, God-fearing and he appeared to be a perfect role model for her son: a sturdy Pennsylvania state trooper who not only wore the badge proudly but also gave the kind of lectures young Michael needed, the kind that started, "You better listen to me because I'm a cop. I don't want to have to arrest you sometime down the line."

His name was James J. O'Boyle, and his eight years as a state policeman had included assignments in the Belmont Media and Doylestown barracks. After being transferred to Quakertown, he had decided to leave restrictive barracks and move back in with his aging mother, whom he had been estranged from the family home in Mackeysburg, a tiny village just outside of Pottsville. The two of them now lived together in a mobile home in the Melody Lakes trailer park in Quakertown.

Maggie was too timid to approach O'Boyle herself, so she asked a church friend to speak with him—not so much on her behalf, but for her boy, who, she believed, needed some guidance. Not long after, in January of 1975, O'Boyle showed up in uniform at the Cowlin home—a suburban rowhouse in a pleasant middle-class development. Trooper O'Boyle and young Michael hit it off immediately. Over the next few months, O'Boyle—or "J.J." as he liked to be called—began seeing Michael to help him with his homework, to take him places on sunny weekend afternoons, to assist in his religious tra-

"These young men are only a small part of a national pattern of child sexual abuse that researchers now say is far more prevalent than anyone had ever believed. Recent studies suggest that at least 20 percent, and perhaps as much as 50 percent, of the general population has been sexually abused before the age of 18. Boys are sexually abused almost as frequently as girls.

There is even a growing belief among some psychotherapists that actual child abuse—sexual, non-sexual physical and psychological trauma—is the basis of all adult neuroses and psychoses. Says Dr. Alice Miller, a Swiss psychoanalyst, "The general public is still far from realizing that our earliest experiences unfailingly affect society as a whole. Psychoses, drug addiction, criminality are encoded expressions of those experiences."

Miller's ideas are similar to those of controversial Freudian revisionist Dr. Jeffrey Masson, who was fired in 1981 from his position as projects director

of the Freud Archives after advocating the "seduction theory," an early conclusion of Freud's that attributed an adult's neuroses to sexual abuse as a child. Freud abandoned this theory in favor of the famed Oedipus complex, which frequently dismisses reports of parental sexual abuse as nothing more than manifestations of adolescent fantasy and paranoia. Masson claimed that research suggested that Freud originally believed as he and Miller now do: that the reports of abuse were factual and not imagined. Masson maintains that Freud revised his theory after he saw how widespread the reports of child sexual abuse seemed to be and he considered the political ramifications of pointing the finger at so many adults. "By shifting the emphasis from an actual world of sadness, misery and cruelty to an internal stage on which actors perform invented dramas for an invisible audience of their own creation," Masson wrote, "Freud began a trend away from the real world."



THE BOY REMEMBERED HOW IT HAD FELT THE FIRST FEW TIMES, BEFORE HE LEARNED HOW TO NUMB HIMSELF.

ing. J.J. insisted that Michael obey his mother and his teachers, and encouraged him to work harder in school.

After several months the three of them began to function as something of a family, visiting each other's relatives and sharing quiet dinners at the Cowlin home. This did not sit well with J.J.'s mother, who was accustomed to having the complete attention of her son and disapproved of his dating a divorced woman. Neighbors in the trailer park would overhear J.J. and his mother arguing about his relationship with Maggie Cowlin. The arguments ended when Mrs. O'Boyle died of a heart attack in February 1976. At the funeral, Maggie and Michael were at O'Boyle's side. In the days and weeks to come, he would experience what he later described as a nervous breakdown. Maggie and Michael were the people he counted upon most to help him through his crisis. All he had left were the woman and the boy and his job as a state trooper.

Over the next several months, O'Boyle grew even closer to the Cowlins. He still slept in his trailer, but whenever he wasn't working he was with the boy and his mother. Some evenings after Michael fell asleep, Maggie and J.J. would sit in the living room and discuss the boy's progress. After a while, it seemed almost as if they could be husband and wife. Sometimes J.J. would take Michael and some of his friends away for a day or even an entire weekend. One night the three of them went to see Elvis Presley, and Elvis immediately became Michael's favorite. On Sundays, the three of them would go to church together. Michael had been encouraged to become an altar boy and J.J.—a former altar boy

himself—delighted in sitting in the front pew and coaching the precocious nine-year-old through his tasks.

In almost every way, the trooper was becoming the closest thing to a father that Michael had had in years. So it seemed quite natural that when it came time to tell Michael about the birds and the bees, Maggie asked J.J. if he would take care of that, man-to-man. He said he would be happy to. He had several books and a film he could use for just that purpose.

While the discussion about who would teach Michael about sex had passed easily, the question of any possible romantic relationship between J.J. and Maggie was a more sensitive one. Maggie Cowlin refused to be interviewed for this story, so any insights into this relationship must come from her son or O'Boyle himself, both of whom were interviewed. Michael Cowlin says that his mother was "definitely in love with O'Boyle." O'Boyle agrees, but says that during the first year he knew her, he and Maggie did little more than hold hands. When she seemed interested in more than that, O'Boyle claims he told her, "Maggie, there's nothing romantic here."

Except for J.J.'s romantic aloofness, everything seemed to be going along wonderfully. And then something happened, something that no one involved would fully understand until much later.

On November 13, 1976, the parents of one of Michael's friends appeared at the home of a state police sergeant. They said they wanted to file a complaint about Trooper James J. O'Boyle. They claimed he had shown their ten-year-old son and Michael Cowlin a pornographic film.



In 1985 O'Boyle was fired from his job, even though almost 85 percent of East Rockhill's voters signed a petition supporting him. When the ex-cop was arrested a year later on charges of child sexual abuse, several of the parents who signed the petition found out that their sons had been among O'Boyle's many victims.

The matter was turned over to state police Lt. Edward Munchberg, O'Boyle's commanding officer, who did a thorough investigation. What he uncovered was summarized in state police incident report #M2-40442, a report that would sit untouched in a folder in Harrisburg for nearly a decade. Munchberg's report revealed the following:

On November 1st, O'Boyle had picked up Michael Cowlin and his friend Kenny Gallery at school at 11:25 a.m., since teachers had a half-day workshop and students were let out early. O'Boyle drove the boys to Gallery's home, where Kenny got permission from his mother to spend the day with his friend and the state trooper. The three went to the firehouse and stopped by an electronics store before having lunch at Meyer's Family Restaurant.

Then O'Boyle drove to his trailer. The boys played outside for about 20 minutes, after which O'Boyle invited them in and told them they could look at his *Playboy* magazines. He then showed them a film depicting a man and two women having sex in various combinations. When the film was over, O'Boyle told the boys that he believed they should learn

about sex while they were young so they would not be embarrassed later in life. He then asked if the boys got erections from watching the film. He certainly did, he added. He asked if they would like to touch him through his pants. Kenny said no, but Michael went over and did it.

O'Boyle explained that they should never tell anyone about seeing the movies and magazines because they would get in trouble if they did. Then he drove them home.

About a week later, Kenny Gallery went to his mother in the kitchen and said there was something he "had to get off his mind." He told her the story. Concerned that Kenny was making the whole thing up, Mrs. Gallery waited a week and questioned her son again. He stuck to his original account. When they went to the state police, the Galleries made it clear that they did not want to press criminal charges. They only wanted assurance that the situation would be handled internally, and that their son would not be subjected to the ordeal of giving public testimony.

Besides explaining what happened that day with O'Boyle, Kenny also told the state police that "Michael talks about sex in school. . . . Michael was talking to the other children about sperm in school. Michael's mom does not know anything about Jim's books and movies."

When informed of the accusations, Maggie Cowlin told the state police that if O'Boyle had talked to her son about sex it was with her full approval. "I'd much rather have my son learn facts from Jim instead of misinformation from classmates," she said. "I can only say good things about Jim and

his relationship with Mike. He's a member of the family the unlikely event that there is anything about sex involving my son and Jim, I prefer to have the state police handle

When confronted by Lt. Munchberg, O'Boyle surrendered three films and five *Playboy* magazines and explained that he had permission to talk to Michael about sex at any time because he was the boy's big brother. (Over the years, several boys would refer to O'Boyle as a "big brother," but he was never a member of the Big Brothers of America organization.)

Three days later, after the case had been reviewed by other state police officials, Lt. Munchberg revisited O'Boyle. When O'Boyle opened his front door, the lieutenant presented him with a typed resignation. Without much discussion, he told O'Boyle to sign it or there would be a full investigation. The trooper signed, and his boss agreed. The official explanation for the resignation would be "personal reasons," although the details of the investigation would go into his permanent personnel file. Munchberg and other police officials suggested to O'Boyle that he get psychiatric help for his serious problem and that he should move from the area at an early date, but neither request was made an official condition of his resignation.

After the lieutenant left, O'Boyle sat in his house totally despondent. He had just resigned from the only job he could ever remember wanting. He had decided at the age of 15 that he would be a state trooper, because he saw how way people acted when a trooper came through his little neighborhood. He always felt as if he should run into his basement and hide when the trooper drove by; the trooper seemed to be "the epitome of good and the epitome of power." As he considered all that he had lost, O'Boyle heard the phone ring. It was Maggie. She was worried. She knew how upset he was. He told her to drive over.

O'Boyle says Maggie stayed at his trailer consoling him through the wee hours of the morning. He was able to convince her that there was nothing "abnormal" about him sexually and that nothing untoward had taken place between him and Michael. In fact, just the opposite was true.

THE SECRET LIFE OF JIM O'BOYLE

JIM O'BOYLE HAD CONSIDERED himself a homosexual since he was a teenager, back when his nickname was "Bubbles" instead of J.J., and he blamed his homosexuality on his upbringing. He was the youngest of three sons in a strict Irish-Catholic family lorded over by a muscular miner named Thomas Joseph O'Boyle and his wife, the former Violet C. Love. The three O'Boyle children were born years apart, so each grew up as something of an only child.

Jim O'Boyle was a sickly child who always had a cold because of an allergy, always drank goat's milk. When he was eight, his father had to retire early from his job in the mines because of black lung disease. His health gradually deteriorated, and his young son was forced to watch a virile model hunch, shrink and shrivel into a shell. Meanwhile, Jim's mother grew even stronger than she had been, supporting the family with the salary from her job in the local coal government. Before the age of ten, the boy had witnessed something of a sexual role reversal in his family, one that was much more unusual in the early 1950s than it would be today. Thomas O'Boyle Sr. took over the house chores and the "wifely" duties. Violet O'Boyle became the wage-earner.

continued on page

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BOY CRAZY

continued from page 132.

and head of the house. She was very strict. She forced Jim to accompany her to social or family gatherings. She never let him get dirty. And she often prevented him from playing with other kids his age. In the small town of Mackeysburg everybody knew that Bubbles' mom wouldn't let him out of her sight. The big, chunky Irish kid was the tiny hamlet's ultimate mama's boy.

As an adult, Jim O'Boyle, still hated his mother for that. He also remembered the turmoil he had felt as a young boy before realizing that he was "different." He asked himself the same questions many homosexuals ask: Was I born this way, or did the circumstances of my childhood *make* me this way? Whatever the answer, O'Boyle's first homosexual relationship coincided with the death of his father when the boy was 15. By this time, Jim had found a young man who shared his sexual preference, a boy from his high school in Pottsville. Their relationship lasted until graduation. Over the years that followed, Jim O'Boyle had encounters with other males his own age—a fellow state trooper, a cop from a neighboring township, several male prostitutes in Philadelphia. But the sexual experiences he remembered most vividly had not been with peers at all. They had been with younger males. Much younger males.

He didn't know why he was most excited by young boys. He assumed it all went back to his first sexual experience, when he was molested by a Catholic priest at age ten. At the time he had been revolted by the experience. But several years later he found himself reliving it, only this time he was the older man. When O'Boyle was 17 and driving a delivery truck for a flower shop in his hometown, he convinced an 11-year-old boy to expose himself. The boy later told his parents, who then wrote to O'Boyle's mother. Outraged and embarrassed, Mrs. O'Boyle passed on the responsibility for the punishment to her eldest son. According to O'Boyle, he was told to "knock it off." (O'Boyle's older brother says he doesn't remember this incident, but recalls his mother questioning J.J.'s sexuality later on, when they lived together.)

But O'Boyle was undeterred. When his relatives had come to visit at Melody Lakes, their young sons sometimes shared Uncle Jim's double bed because sleeping space was tight. He attempted to initiate sexual contact with two of them. Each time, he waited until the boy had fallen asleep and then began fondling him. When the startled child awoke and told him to stop, he waited for a short time and then began again.

O'Boyle was interested in several young

boys by the time he came to the trailer park at Melody Lakes in 1974. During the next few years he became deeply involved with only one. In fact, their relationship was the deepest and the longest he had ever had with a boy. His "lover," as he put it, was Maggie's ten-year-old son Michael. The two had been sexually intimate for more than a year.

It had begun the way most of Jim O'Boyle's seductions did. First there were rides in the police car, trips to Great Adventure, miniature golf, ice cream. Then came the pornographic books and movies, first the straight ones and later the gay ones, shown under the guise of teaching the boy about sex. In Michael's case, this had led to touching and mutual masturbation. Later, O'Boyle had taught Michael how to perform oral sex on him, and had attempted to have intercourse with the boy. He had always told Michael that their frequent sexual contact was completely natural. He also warned that if Michael ever told anyone about what they were doing, he would never see his "big brother" again.

By mail, O'Boyle was sharing his relationship with another pedophile. Through NAMBLA, he had made contact with a young man in Anderson, Indiana, named

Larry Heiny. They had begun a correspondence in 1973, swapping pornographic books and films, as well as photos of the boys they were pursuing. O'Boyle had already sent Heiny several nude photos of Michael, and in letters he would alternately describe his undying "love" for the boy—in much the same way a love-struck teenager, in a note passed to a friend in a school hallway, describes the object of a crush—and brag about his sexual conquests. He had even arranged for Larry Heiny to come to Quakertown to meet Michael. Heiny drove all the way from Indiana for the event. They met at the Chip 'n' Putt on Route 309 and then returned to O'Boyle's trailer.

Although he knew that society didn't approve of what he and Michael were doing—"narrow-thinking people" he called those who would criticize him—O'Boyle thought of their relationship as beautiful. "We just fell in love," he would later say. "He needed me as much as I needed him. I still remember Michael kneeling by Mom's casket, saying the rosary with me. At that time I needed him so bad and he was looking up to me and it was like somebody finally needed me for me."

Until the incident that caused O'Boyle's resignation, Michael had never told any-

one, not even his mother, about the extent of their relationship. But his friend Kenny knew some of it. When giving sworn statements, neither boy had admitted the real reason that Michael had touched O'Boyle that afternoon in the trailer. Michael had been trying to convince Kenny to let the state trooper touch him by showing his friend that it was all right. When that hadn't worked, Michael told Kenny that he and J.J. had been having a sexual relationship for some time.

Maggie Cowlin had no cause to suspect that the main reason O'Boyle paid attention to her and took her out on dates was to secure his access to her son. So she continued to see O'Boyle after his dismissal and continued to allow Michael to spend time with him. At one point after the resignation, O'Boyle all but moved in with the Cowlins. It was an arrangement that lasted for several months.

After a while, though, Maggie Cowlin started to realize that something was not quite right about the "family" relationship that had once seemed so idyllic. She still did not believe that anything untoward had happened between J.J. and Michael. But it now seemed clear that Jim O'Boyle was more interested in being a "big brother" to her son than being anything to her.

RAGS to PORCELAIN

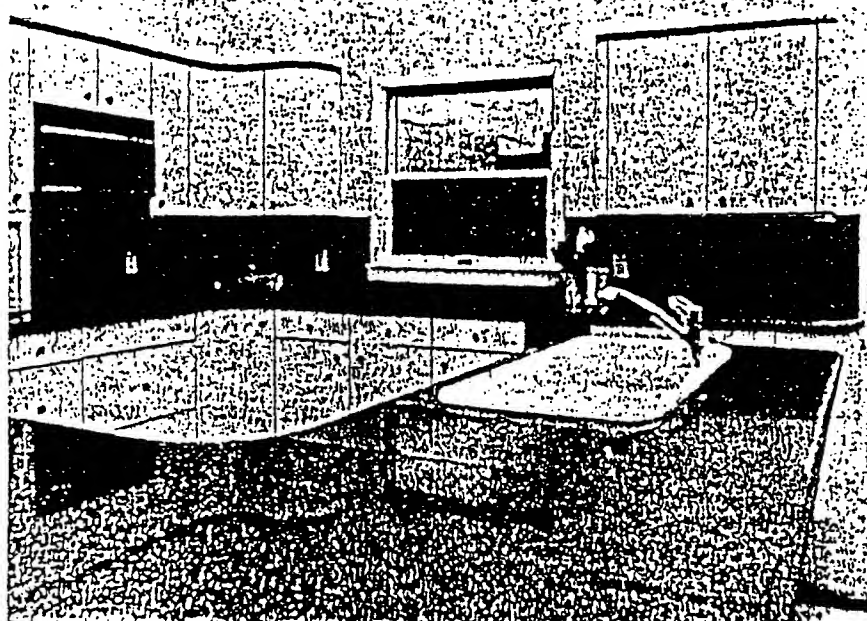


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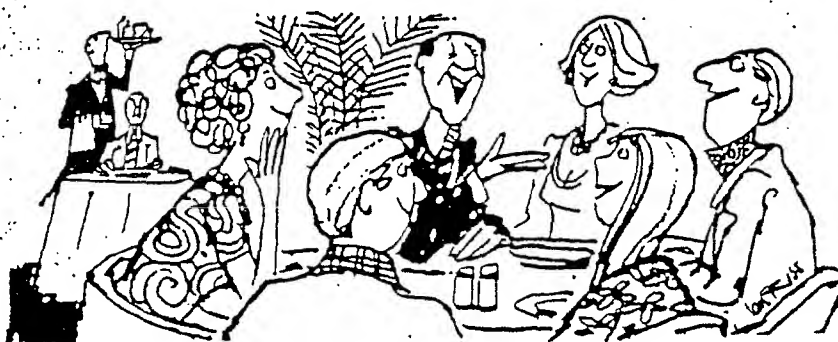
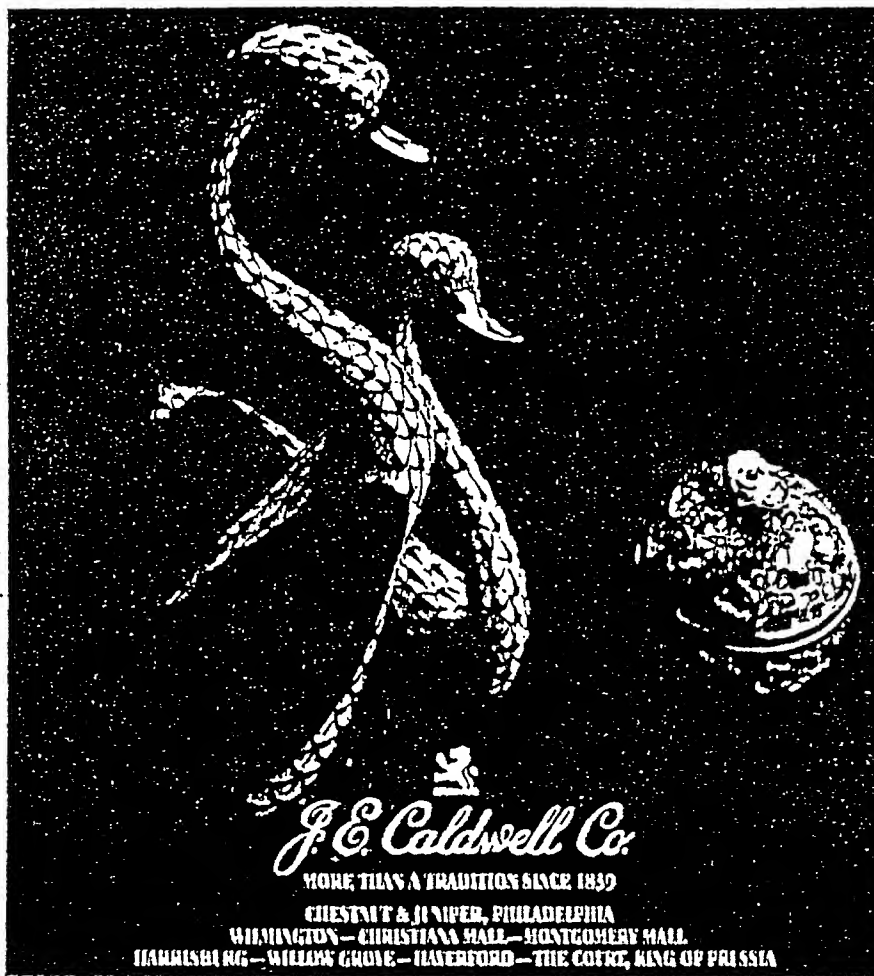
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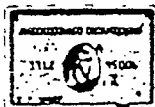
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BOY CRAZY

It would be nearly a decade before she would know for sure why her motherly intuition finally told her to end both her and Michael's association with Jim O'Boyle. She threw him out of the house and forbade her son to see the ex-police officer ever again. But Michael continued to contact J.J. secretly. They would talk on the phone and they would meet, for conversation or for sex, at pre-arranged locations. For several months, their relationship continued as if nothing had happened.

Sometimes O'Boyle would arrive for their meetings in the limousine he was driving part time for a doctor at Wills Eye Hospital. That was how he was making ends meet, besides collecting unemployment and carefully conserving the lump-sum pension payment he received after settling his affairs with the state police. That process had gone on longer than ex-

Only five months after he was forced to resign from the state police, James O'Boyle again became Officer O'Boyle.

pected, because three weeks after his resignation, O'Boyle had asked to be reinstated as a state trooper, arguing that he had not resigned voluntarily but had been the victim of "undue pressure and coercion." He had even traveled to Harrisburg to try to have the investigation report expunged from his file.

He also had a lawyer intercede on his behalf, but still O'Boyle failed to get his job back. He was told that the state police made it a policy never to rehire after resignation, and they certainly weren't going to make an exception in his case. By this time, O'Boyle had become an open joke at the state police barracks in Dublin, the central hub from which they patrolled Quakertown, East Rockhill and all of upper Bucks County. The story about J.J. and his little boys and his movies was the talk of the force.

But the letter from the lawyer may have had an effect O'Boyle hadn't counted on. In urban areas, dealings with lawyers were commonplace and lawsuits were an everyday occurrence. In rural upper Bucks County, in 1976, a lawyer on the case was still a frightening presence and the threat of a lawsuit was a powerful tool. A letter from a lawyer subtly separated O'Boyle from the common disgruntled employee or fired cop. It announced that he was the kind of person who was willing to sue. And that would make the state police and other

BOY CRAZY

law enforcement officials even more circumspect than usual.

BACK IN UNIFORM AGAIN

IN LATE APRIL OF 1977, only five months after he was forced to resign from the state police, James O'Boyle again became Officer O'Boyle. He was hired by the Quakertown Borough Police Department, which is less than 10 miles away from the Dublin barracks. As a former state trooper, he had much more police experience than most applicants for a part-time job on a small-town police force normally would have, and so O'Boyle was hired after a cursory background check. Only his credit history was investigated; his state police personnel file was not requested. O'Boyle's fellow patrolmen in Quakertown had heard the disturbing rumors, but they also knew that J.J. had been living with the Cowlin family long after the allegations surfaced. The cops didn't know what to think, but they couldn't believe that the woman would invite O'Boyle to live with her if he were really molesting her son.

Thanks to his new job, O'Boyle met the boy who would replace Michael in his life, a necessity since Maggie Cowlin finally convinced her son to stay away from J.J. His new "little brother," as he referred to him in a letter to Larry Heiny, was nearly the exact opposite of bright, churchgoing Michael. Peter Fessing was only 12 years old, but he was already known to the local police. He stole, he sold drugs, he got in trouble at the private school where he was enrolled in special classes because of a learning disability. Because of this, his mother was also well known to the police. She was considered to be difficult to deal with, a "real piece of work." But everyone put up with her, because everybody knew that her life had not been an easy one.

Dolores Fessing had married a man who ended up beating her and her son and drinking himself to death. She had been forced to shield her son from the physical abuse, which meant taking a double portion herself. Once, when Peter was three, his father almost burned the house down by smoking in bed. Years later the boy would tell a psychologist that his earliest memory was of being trapped in his bedroom, afraid he would die in the fire. When her husband finally left, Peter went with him. That was when the boy began stealing. His first robbery was an inside job: At age 12, he stole his father's razor to sell it so he could buy his father a birthday present. Later that year, his father died from complications of his alcoholism.

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BOY CRAZY

O'Boyle first met Peter when he came to arrest the boy for disorderly conduct. After the arrest, O'Boyle let the other officers know that he hoped to rehabilitate the Fessing boy by getting him involved in police work. "If I could get with that kid," he said, "I could help him." Everyone agreed that the young man needed help. So no questions were asked when O'Boyle appointed Peter Fessing his unofficial "secretary" and allowed the boy to accompany him when he processed defendants.

Dolores Fessing saw no problem at all with that arrangement. She seemed happy that somebody else was interested in her wild son. Especially this good-looking, single cop. Just like a number of women before and after her, Dolores Fessing appeared to let her attraction to O'Boyle weaken her motherly protectiveness. She encouraged O'Boyle to stay over whenever he liked, approved of Peter staying with him and allowed the police officer to baby-sit her son. She gave O'Boyle money for whatever Peter wanted to do and often sent the two of them off together to entertain themselves.

Sometimes they went to the Melody Lakes trailer to watch pornographic movies. But, as O'Boyle explained in a letter,

he had to "work awful slowly" with Peter. "He's had such a rotten fucken [sic] hard life so far, I don't know how he has a will to even live." O'Boyle was at least partly successful, though. He convinced Peter to allow mutual masturbation and oral sex.

In late October, Peter's mother began to hear the rumors that were circulating about O'Boyle: that he was a homosexual and had been involved with Michael Cowlin. She went to visit Maggie Cowlin, who told her to keep Peter away from O'Boyle at all costs. Michael, who by that time had been turned completely against O'Boyle, told Dolores Fessing that he would help to put the policeman in jail.

Peter's mother had her own reasons to worry. She once overheard O'Boyle telling her son, "We could go to jail for this" while the two of them sat in the 13-year-old's bedroom. In fact, they were spending a lot of time in the boy's bedroom, and O'Boyle had even bought an extra lock for the bedroom door. She decided to go to the police with her concerns. And even though the police did not have a very high opinion of her as a witness—the chief would later call her "lousy"—Dolores Fessing's complaint led to O'Boyle's being suspended from the Quakertown police force on October 27, 1977.

When confronted by his superiors, the cop denied that he had done anything wrong. He convinced Peter's mother to withdraw her complaint and refuse to press charges. Without a complainant, the chief of police could only pressure O'Boyle to resign and suggest that he seek psychiatric help. Without a witness, he was powerless. Since he had never bothered to request the state police personnel files, he was unaware that two other possible witnesses lived just a few minutes from the police station. The chief believed that O'Boyle was basically a "good cop" and that if he sought help, he might one day be rehired. After O'Boyle quit, the chief sent him a letter suggesting that if he were treated for his mental problems and could pass a polygraph test it would "be my pleasure to again utilize your services."

For the next few months, O'Boyle drifted from odd job to odd job, working as a security guard, a driver, a warrant server. Money was very tight, and he was depressed. His relationship with Peter Fessing was fizzling out. Peter's mother had forbidden him to see O'Boyle, although that hadn't kept the two from meeting on the sly. When they finally split it was because Peter was having second thoughts about O'Boyle. He said he was

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afraid of becoming "a fag." Peter was trying to get his life together. He had left his mother's house and was living with the family of a friend, a 12-year-old boy. That boy would soon become the ex-cop's longest-running young friend, forging a relationship that would withstand even O'Boyle's sex abuse convictions and would baffle the boy's mother, law enforcement officials, and even O'Boyle himself.

Dennis Stevens did not look at all like the other boys O'Boyle had latched onto. Even at 12, he was broad-shouldered and thick-necked. He had a stone face that looked as if it would one day wear a scar. Emotionally, he was already deeply scarred. His father had died three years earlier in a hunting accident. In the aftermath of his father's death, the boy seemed to be looking for a replacement. One man he had attached himself to, an older friend of the Stevens family, turned out to be a

She knew he wasn't like other men she knew. In a way, he was like one of the children. Her attraction to him seemed as much "mother love" as romantic love.

sex offender. He sexually abused several of Dennis's cousins and made films of the whole thing. Later, he made sexual advances toward Dennis, but the boy punched him and told him to go to hell.

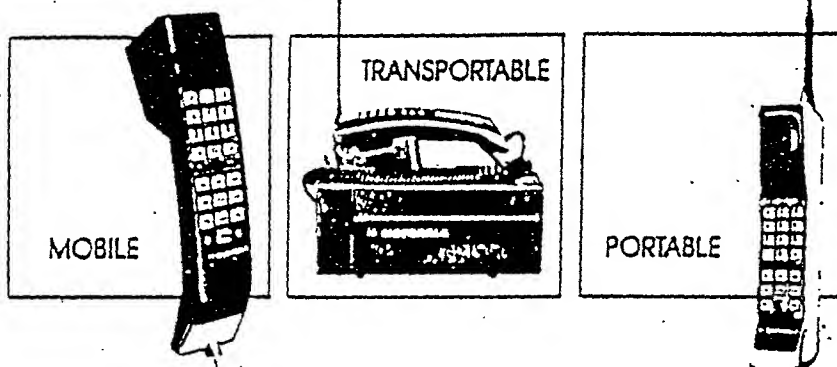
Peter Fessing introduced O'Boyle to Dennis Stevens at a school wrestling match. O'Boyle was immediately interested in the muscular boy because he had always wanted to be with a "strong" child. But he was also soon to sense that Dennis's strength would assure that they would always remain "just friends." Still, he derived satisfaction from simply being the boy's father figure and fantasizing about him.

Meanwhile, O'Boyle remained despondent that Peter and Michael would no longer speak to him. He was especially upset that Michael was telling his friends to stay away from the ex-cop. "I'm really at a LOW point in my life," O'Boyle wrote to his pen pal in Indiana, who by this time was facing sodomy charges himself.

"You know, you try to love someone and help in a way that maybe is not even your fault and really is not hurting anyone



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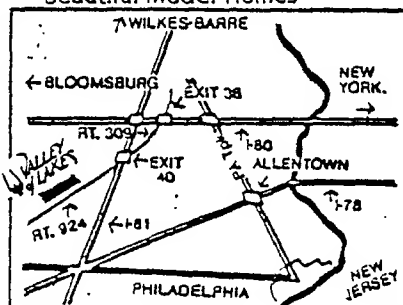
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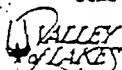
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BOY CRAZY

and we get screwed. Maybe someday we'll be able to love as we want. I did hear they are letting homosexuals adopt boys who are homosexuals. But, damn it, it's not in Pennsylvania. Maybe we still have a chance!"

Dennis Stevens became an intermediary between O'Boyle and the two other boys. He tried to convince them that J.J. wasn't such a bad guy after all. One day Dennis came home from school with the news that Michael had told him that he wasn't mad at J.J. and he still loved him. At hearing this, O'Boyle gushed like a 15-year-old. "OH! HAPPY DAYS!!!!!" he wrote to Larry Heiny. "I'm so happy!!!"

Just as O'Boyle's relationship with Dennis Stevens would be different from those that came before it, so would his association with Dennis's mother. Alice Stevens was a short, pretty woman with dyed black hair, a heart-shaped face and a weight problem. She was attracted to O'Boyle, who, it turned out, bore a striking resemblance to her late husband. But as he began spending more time at her home, always in the living room with the boys rather than in the kitchen with her, she could see that he wasn't like other men she knew. In a way, he was like one of the children. Her attraction to him seemed as much "mother love" as romantic love. As in other families he had known, O'Boyle quickly filled the role of the missing father for Alice Stevens' boys, and he began taking Alice out for social evenings as well.

Not that Alice was naive about homosexuality. She worked with a gay man at her security job. It didn't take her long to figure out that Jim O'Boyle wasn't interested in women. She was disappointed but not appalled. Part of her believed she could "change" him. But in the meantime, she grudgingly grew accustomed to the idea of accepting him as a "good friend" rather than pursuing him as a lover. She even ran interference for him with other women he had attracted by pretending to be his girlfriend. And in return, Jim O'Boyle confided in her. If he became her surrogate husband, she became his surrogate mother. And he told her all the things he could never tell his own mother.

He admitted he was gay and told her that he was especially interested in young boys. He told her how he showed them movies and that he only picked on the weaker boys, which was why she never had to worry about his hurting her Dennis that way. He told her that he hated his mother because she had made him the way he was. He told her he was going to a psychiatrist about his "problem with boys" and was seeing a hypnotist as well, to try to uncover some hidden past event that would give him the key to his pedophilia. The hypnotist had been telling him that

maybe his weak father was really at the root of his problem. But O'Boyle rejected that idea. "It was not my father," he declared, angrily pounding her kitchen table.

He also told her that, for the moment, he had his problem under control. He said she would have to trust him on that point. And for a while, she did.

She trusted him when he announced that he had a summer job as a riflery instructor at a Boy Scout camp in nearby Point Pleasant. She trusted him even though when he got the job, he wrote to his friend Larry Heiny that it would "be like I died and went to heaven . . . I'll be with 11- to 14-year-old BOYS. WOW!!" And she trusted him six months later when he told her he was moving out of town to take a job as a resident child care worker for the Lutheran Home program in Tipton, a little town midway between Allentown and Reading. He was going to be paid \$10,000 a year to live with and take care of young boys in an apartment provided by the church.

O'Boyle knew that the Lutheran Home would want to check on his past before letting him work with children. To dissuade them from investigating thoroughly, he told them that there had been a problem with some boys in Quakertown. He explained that any accusations made against him were completely unfounded, which he said was proved by the fact that no formal charges had ever been brought. The staff at Tipton knew all about unsubstantiated charges. They went with the territory in the child care business. Whenever a delinquent kid was punished or spanked in a foster home or group home, the kid knew he could threaten child abuse charges and get some attention. So they took Jim O'Boyle at his word. They did a cursory check of his resume and put him through a battery of psychological tests, which he passed. Once again, his state police personnel file was never requested. And in September of 1978, he was dispatched to take care of three boys from broken homes.

The youngest of the three, and the only one O'Boyle felt could still be helped, was Lucas Moore. At 14, Lucas was skipping school, stealing, and using a lot of drugs, especially cocaine. His parents had split and his mother could no longer control him, so he was sent to live in the Tipton program. The ex-cop quickly became the wayward teenager's surrogate father. Besides taking care of him during the week, O'Boyle often took Lucas back to Quakertown with him on his weekends off, since O'Boyle's free time was usually spent with Alice and Dennis Stevens.

The people who worked with O'Boyle never suspected the "problems" he had with little boys. One of the women employees at the home frequently flirted with

and another surrogate father in the gram, Tim Boyd, befriended him. Boyd thought Jim O'Boyle was a "real likable guy," but he did feel that the ex-cop was too lenient when it came to Lucas Moore. And after the other boys left the program and, for a time, O'Boyle and Lucas were in the house by themselves, Boyd thought it especially strange that they were both sleeping in the same bedroom when there were four other unused bedrooms in the house.

O'Boyle insists that nothing ever happened between him and the boys in Tipton. "Lucas . . . he needed to be close to me," he says. "But you ask him if anything happened. He won't say anything. There was never anything because there was never any interest."

Interviewed in the state correctional institution where he's serving an 8- to 16-year sentence for a particularly brutal as-

The therapist had an interesting theory. He believed O'Boyle committed these acts when wearing a uniform because he felt immune from prosecution.

sault and a string of burglaries he committed at age 18, Lucas Moore was also adamant that O'Boyle never touched him or tried to touch him. "He was a straight-up guy," he remembers. "He was like my father. We were like a family. He would sit down and try to teach me how to read and how to write. He was always on my back to stop smokin' reefer, stop drinkin', takin' coke. He was like a lecture guy."

"The only reason we ever slept in the same bedroom is that Jim had a nice stereo in his room and I would fall asleep sometimes listening to it. But he never touched me or nothin'. The guy was a cop. And he had ladies. I figured that Mrs. Stevens was his main lady. But he had a black book full of phone numbers of girls."

"When he left the Tipton home, it was like I lost my father all over again. I ran away. I really liked the guy. You're tellin' a he's like a pervert or somethin'? Damn. I can't believe that. Damn."

(Despite both his and O'Boyle's insistence, law enforcement officials suspect that Moore was a victim of O'Boyle's. They note that it would have been tremen-

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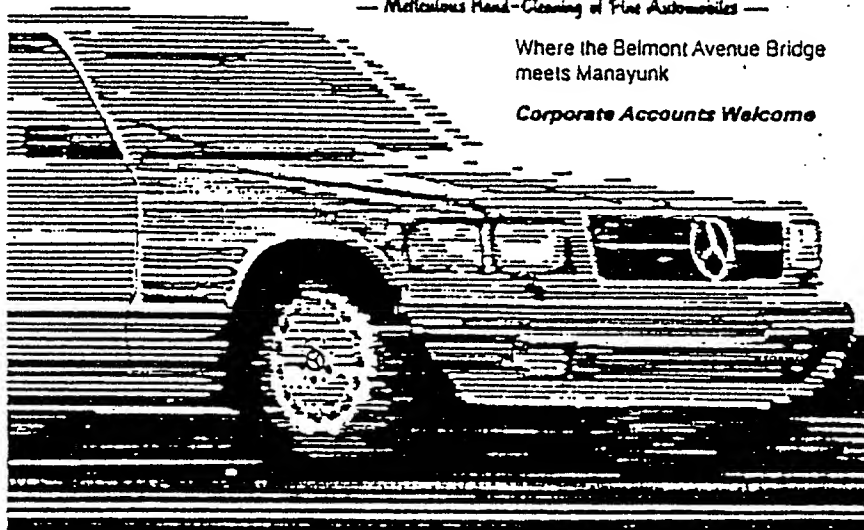
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BOY CRAZY

dously out of character for O'Boyle not to have attempted a sexual encounter. They note Moore's extremely self-destructive and violent behavior after O'Boyle left. They also note that the normal difficulty any young man would have admitting he was sexually abused by another male is exacerbated in Moore's case because such an admission might cause him danger in prison.)

O'Boyle remained with the Lutheran Home for a year and a half. During that time, he continued to shuttle back to Quakertown on the weekends, and he worked behind the scenes to try to re-enter law enforcement. Again he contacted the Pennsylvania state police, attempting to get his resignation overturned. In a letter, he told a state police colonel that he had been coerced into resigning, that his performance and reputation had been above average, and that since the resignation he had seen a psychiatrist and a psychologist, both of whom would be willing to give a written evaluation. He was again told that the state police did not rehire after resignation.

Then O'Boyle heard of an opening for a patrolman in East Rockhill Township. He figured that would be nearly the same as rejoining the state police. The East

Rockhill station was less than 10 miles from the state police barracks at Dublin, and, as was true in many small towns, the state police regularly covered for the handful of local cops the townships could afford to keep on salary. In fact, when nobody was manning the phone at the East Rockhill station, the calls were automatically forwarded to the Dublin barracks. If O'Boyle could get that job, he would be back working with, or at least nearby, many of his old state police colleagues. And his chances were very good, because it was highly unusual for someone with O'Boyle's police experience to apply for a patrolman's position in a tiny municipality, a nearly entry-level job. Most of the applicants had no experience except target practice or a few years as volunteer firemen.

THE PEDOPHILE WHO TOOK OVER A TOWN

LUCKILY, ALICE STEVENS knew Ray Bearn, the chief of police in East Rockhill, very well. In early 1980, she took Jim O'Boyle in to see Bearn. She explained that O'Boyle had had some personal prob-

lems that had forced him to resign from the state police, but that he had sought and received extensive psychiatric counseling and was fine now. What she didn't tell him was that the therapist at the Penn Foundation, a psychiatric facility to which she had taken O'Boyle, had an interesting theory about his "problem." The therapist believed that O'Boyle committed these acts when he was wearing a police uniform because that was when he felt immune from prosecution, just as the priest who had molested him had been immune because he was a member of the clergy.

Bearn said whatever was in the past was in the past and he wasn't worried, as long as O'Boyle could pass a psychological evaluation.

The small-town police department had never done much psychological testing. Until a few years earlier, seat-of-the-pants evaluations had always been good enough. Now they hired an outside agency called McCann Associates in Huntingdon Valley, a company that didn't have a standard procedure for screening prospective police officers but, for \$150, ran their routine psychological evaluation. They proclaimed O'Boyle "highly recommended" for full-time or part-time police work. On the strength of their evaluation and Alice Stevens' per-

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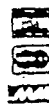
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sonal recommendation, the former trooper was hired during the winter of 1980 at an annual salary of \$17,000.

After leaving Quakertown, O'Boyle had moved the trailer his mother had left him to Benton, Pennsylvania, in Schuylkill County. Alice Stevens said he could move in with her family, in the long brown trailer without wheels they owned just off Route 309. She liked the idea of having a man around the house, and over the years J.J. had become almost a father to her son Dennis. And since O'Boyle's "problem" with little boys seemed to be under control, she saw no reason why she shouldn't take him in. He was given his own bedroom and free rein of the house.

For the first six months, while O'Boyle was still on probation with the East Rockhill police job, the living situation worked out well. Alice especially enjoyed watching J.J. perform the mundane duties of a

"They all do it!" he yelled. "There are well-to-do businessmen who are boy-lovers. Priests do it. Why pick on me? There's a lot you don't know about."

police officer. When he finished filling out his daily log, she liked to read it over. Just after O'Boyle's probation period ended, however, he began acting "secretive" and she noticed strange entries in his log. A young boy called in late at night and said he heard a noise. O'Boyle went and investigated. Several days later the same boy called and said he was scared, that he thought there might be a prowler. O'Boyle drove by the house to check it out. Over the course of the next few weeks, the pattern kept repeating. Same boy, same complaint, same late-night visit from O'Boyle. When she asked him about it, O'Boyle exploded. "If I want to screw anybody," he yelled, "it's nobody's damn business!"

It was one of the first times J.J. had ever raised his voice to her. She had never known him to be a temperamental man. Now, his whole personality seemed to be changing. He was more defiant, more arrogant. Where once he had appeared to enjoy explaining every little detail of his work to her, now he just told her to "mind your own fucking business." This all made

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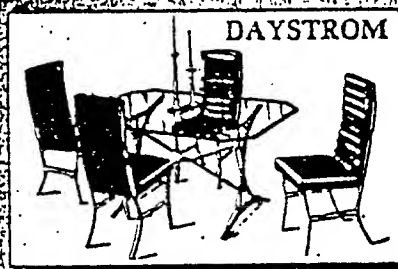
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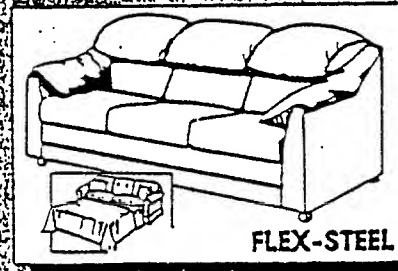
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BOY CRAZY

her extremely suspicious. So one day while J.J. was on patrol she sneaked into his room for a look.

As is typical of pedophiles, O'Boyle had all his pornography, all his NAMBLA correspondence and all his other pederastic paraphernalia packed fastidiously in one place—a suitcase under his bed. And when Alice Stevens opened that suitcase, she found it all. The books, the magazines, the 8 mm films, the videocassettes, the letters to and from Larry Heiny. There were photographs of little boys, some clothed, some naked, some she knew, others she didn't. There was an instruction manual on how to molest a little girl from the time she was a baby until puberty. There was an old letter from a friend that talked about him and O'Boyle going into the priesthood. There were a number of dildos. There was a cassette tape, which she listened to. On the tape, O'Boyle talked about his love for and his sexual relationship with Michael Cowlin.

There was also a black leather-bound book with the names of young boys listed. Some of them she recognized: Michael Cowlin, Peter Fessing. Next to many of their names was a strange, misspelled word: "EXTACY."

All the hope she had harbored that Jim O'Boyle might be "cured" was gone. When he came home, she confronted him and he flew into a rage. "They all do it!" he yelled. "There are well-to-do businessmen who are boy-lovers. Priests do it. Why pick on me? I know guys right here in Quakertown who do it. Listen Alice, there's a lot that you don't know about."

She felt she had no choice but to throw him out of the house. (O'Boyle remembers all this differently. He says he left because "Alice was getting on my nerves, romantic-wise. She was always nagging and I couldn't put up with it.") But she still wanted to help him with his "problem." Incredibly, Alice encouraged her son to continue his friendship with J.J. even though she had forsaken hers. (Alice Stevens now says she didn't want to turn her back completely on a friend. Bucks County detective Harry Armitage, who investigated the case, says, "All these women went back and forth continually with their feelings about O'Boyle.") She even visited him herself on occasion. On one visit she said, "You're an intelligent man, can't you control yourself?"

"I can't be a macho man like your husband was," she recalls his reply. "I'm just not the macho man you want me to be. Just let me alone. If I rape a child, that's my business."

At that point, Alice went to O'Boyle's boss and told him what was going on. Chief Beams assured her that he would look into the matter. But he had other more

pressing problems on his mind at the time. His wife had recently died and he found himself unable to shake the depression. He was drinking more than he could handle. And besides, gathering evidence against O'Boyle would not be easy, because the patrolman was extremely well-liked in the community.

When O'Boyle discovered that Alice was trying to expose him, he had his lawyer draft a cease and desist letter. The lawyer all but threatened slander charges if Alice didn't stop spreading "rumors" about his client. It was the second time O'Boyle had tried to use the threat of legal action to quash rumors about him. Again, the tactic proved successful.

Although it is unclear how hard he tried, Chief Beams was unable to find witnesses to substantiate Alice Stevens' charges. And in the meantime, Officer O'Boyle was busy becoming East Rockhill's favorite cop. Besides performing his police duties with efficiency and his usual pleasant charm, he spent a great deal of his off-duty time getting to know all the new families he was charged with protecting. Many would have him over for lunch or dinner regularly. Some of the mothers who took a liking to him offered to do his laundry, and he graciously accepted.

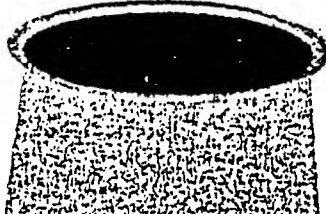
O'Boyle also endeared himself to the community by getting involved in various organizations that helped children. He spent a great deal of time at the local schools. His apartment on Schwenkmill Road in nearby Perkasie was about a five-minute drive from three different elementary and secondary schools, and he would regularly drive by during recess or after school to talk with kids.

By the fall of 1983, when Chief Beams was getting ready to retire for health reasons, O'Boyle had become one of the most popular figures in East Rockhill Township. This fact baffled cops in the rest of Bucks County, because even though O'Boyle was clearly a master of public relations, there had been rumors swarming around him for years. In March of 1983, the Bucks County district attorney's office joined the list of law enforcement agencies that had received complaints about O'Boyle and his relationships with young boys. They did a cursory investigation that was cut short when state police Lt. James McCann first promised to assign a trooper to the case and then reversed himself two weeks later. At that point, the D.A.'s office could have checked O'Boyle's file in Harrisburg but, inexplicably, did not. Soon after, the investigation fizzled out.

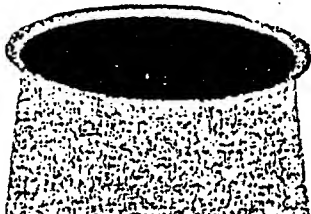
But for law enforcement officials, there were other reasons to wonder about O'Boyle. There was the matter of his police work, which had fallen from "exemplary" to as big a joke as the rumors about

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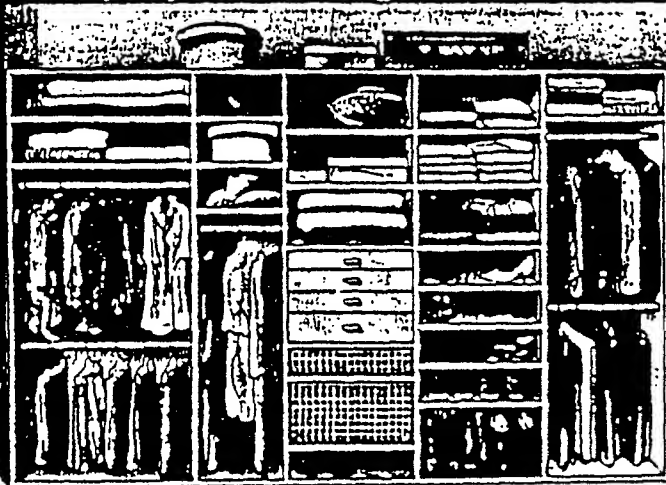
his little boys. In the D.A.'s office, they would laugh about the time O'Boyle charged a suspect with "suspicion of murder," which exists in Pennsylvania only when *Perry Mason* reruns are on, and they chuckled over O'Boyle's interrogation reports, which were sprinkled with comments like "I know he's telling the truth because he's a good, God-fearing man."

But none of O'Boyle's law enforcement detractors had a say in who would succeed Chief Bearn in East Rockhill. Only the township supervisors could make that decision. And it was an election year, so nobody was going to make waves about such a popular patrolman just because of a few rumors. So it was that not long after Bearn retired, O'Boyle was named Officer in Charge. He was not immediately made chief because the newly elected township supervisors decided to appoint an advisory committee to assess the police needs

The detective developed a working list of 25 names of boys he believed O'Boyle had sexually abused.

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of the community. Until those needs had been assessed, it seemed far easier to simply postpone a decision.

But O'Boyle felt he deserved to be named chief immediately and he convinced friends to write letters to their elected officials, demanding that he be given the job. The supervisors also noticed that becoming Officer in Charge had inflated O'Boyle's ego.

But his superiors had no idea of just how presumptuous Jim O'Boyle had become. Because during four years of service in East Rockhill he had put together an entire network of local families, most of which fit the same general profile as those few he had befriended in Quakertown years earlier: households, usually single-parent, with young sons.

Soon the Officer in Charge raised his sights. As one county detective would later describe it, O'Boyle began "hitting on anything that moved. It was a feeding frenzy." He was stopping boys on the playground at school and asking them if they "liked blow jobs." He was showing pornographic films to two or three boys at a time, indiscreetly fondling them after the lights had been low for a few minutes. He was taking groups of boys up to his trailer in Benton for weekends, always with the express permission of their parents.



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And he was willing to go to any length to secure that permission. He even had sex with one mother—the only time he ever slept with a woman in his life—to make sure he could have access to her son. Everywhere O'Boyle went, there were boys with him. At the post office when he picked up his mail. In the police station. In the township patrol car: In fact, it was those rides in the township patrol car, and not the rumors about his past, that eventually led to his being caught.

Township Supervisor Gary Volovnik began hearing rumors about O'Boyle's past almost immediately after he was elected in 1984. He received an anonymous letter and a phone call suggesting that he should ask the state police about O'Boyle. He confronted the cop, who said that someone was "after him" and was spreading rumors about him. O'Boyle explained that he left the state police because he had a nervous breakdown after his mother's death.

Volovnik says he then went to Lt. McCann at the Dublin barracks to ask about O'Boyle—the same Lt. McCann who had deferred on D.A.'s office inquiries the year before. McCann, who is now a township manager in nearby Upper Saucon, can't recall the meeting (or the D.A.'s query). "It doesn't mean it didn't happen," he says now. "I just don't remember it. I have a hard time remembering what happened two days ago." Volovnik does remember asking the state policeman about the rumors and being told that they were "absolutely untrue and had been started by former troopers who were jealous of O'Boyle because he was so efficient and effective as a police officer." Still suspicious, but without any real evidence against O'Boyle, Volovnik dropped the inquiry.

He did, however, confront O'Boyle on a number of occasions about transporting young boys in the township patrol car. Not because he was suspicious about the boys, but because he was worried about the township's auto insurance policy. Volovnik repeatedly told O'Boyle that he was not to give rides to anyone not covered by the insurance policy. O'Boyle's response was: "Get another insurance policy." Volovnik was amazed by O'Boyle's defiant attitude.

On several occasions, O'Boyle actually ordered one of his patrolmen to transport boys for him. When confronted about this by Volovnik, O'Boyle just raised his right hand and said, "Guilty." He explained that he was a big brother to the boys and was taking them to Great Adventure with their parents' approval.

Reporters at the Quakertown *Free Press* had also received anonymous phone calls about O'Boyle and little boys. Barbara Reboratti, a part-time reporter at the paper, was covering East Rockhill on a free-lance

basis at \$20 a story. She had heard the rumors and says she went to her editor to ask for a full-time reporter's help in investigating the situation. She says she got a "very lukewarm response" and was "discouraged from investigating further." Her editor, now a night copy editor at the Allentown *Morning Call*, says he doesn't recall meeting with her or discouraging her but concedes that the paper "didn't make much of a concentrated effort on O'Boyle." Whatever the reason, Reboratti dropped the story and asked to be transferred to another township. "I could not go back to East Rockhill and listen to those people push for O'Boyle to become chief," she says.

THE BOY WHO BROUGHT O'BOYLE DOWN

AS THE FALL OF 1984 PASSED into winter, O'Boyle stepped up his pressure on the township supervisors to name him chief of police. His own requests became more frequent and he began using the Town Watch organization he had founded the year before as a political power base. Sensing that a showdown was near, the supervisors tried another stalling tactic. In December, they announced that the police chief from nearby Hilltown Township, George Egly Jr., would be hired as a "police managing consultant" to "assist East Rockhill in setting up an improved police department."

O'Boyle had a great deal of respect for Chief Egly, but he sensed that the supervisors' move was the first step in an effort to "execute" him. He began planting the seeds of that idea in the minds of the Town Watch volunteers. It would be an "execution" he told them over and over, suggesting that they drop by the supervisors' offices and give their elected officials a piece of their minds.

But O'Boyle could not devote his total energy to his efforts to "stop the execution," as the movement to make him chief came to be known. Much of the time, his mind was elsewhere. He had fallen in love.

Thomas Kenneth Fegley, "T.K." to his friends, was a bright, extremely bashful, blond eight-year-old trapped in a bad family situation. His father had left before T.K. was born. His 30-year-old mother was living on welfare.

O'Boyle had first laid eyes on T.K. Fegley when the boy was only six. T.K.'s grandmother, a security guard, often brought him along to work with her, and O'Boyle would sometimes stop by to chat during his patrols. At that time, there was still a father figure in the Fegley house-

hold: T.K.'s grandfather, whom the boy referred to as "Dad." Two years later, however, T.K.'s grandfather died of cancer. O'Boyle came to the viewing and afterward T.K.'s grandmother asked if the Officer in Charge would come and speak to the boy, who had become withdrawn and uncooperative. At first, T.K.'s mother, Janet, didn't like Jim O'Boyle. But his grandmother certainly did. She suggested that O'Boyle come by as often as he liked to help "draw out" the painfully shy fourth grader. And in the months to come, Janet Fegley changed her mind about O'Boyle as well. She began to enjoy his company, even though he was very critical of the way she was bringing up her son, always telling her what kind of food she should serve, always bringing T.K. better clothes than the ones she could afford.

O'Boyle began the same slow seduction of T.K. Fegley that he had employed so many times before. But as his relationships with T.K. and several other boys deepened, his police career was growing ever more threatened. Several months after he began his consulting job, Chief Egly recommended that East Rockhill officials invite other candidates to apply for the chief's job and that they institute a system of impartial evaluations: a written

examination, a psychological profile, an endurance test and a session on the polygraph. There would also be extensive background investigations, requiring all applicants to sign confidentiality waivers.

O'Boyle went through the roof. And then he deployed his troops. He coaxed his supporters to step up their pressure on the township supervisors, who were now being publicly labeled as "commies" and "henchmen." He had a petition circulated throughout the township that demanded that "Officer James O'Boyle, the present Officer in Charge, be appointed chief of police immediately." The petition was signed by 1,044 township residents, almost 85 percent of East Rockhill's voting population.

The situation heated up further when the written tests were administered. O'Boyle did not score in the top three. Under the rules Egly had laid out, that meant he wouldn't even be considered as a finalist for the job. But pressure from residents forced the supervisors to add O'Boyle's name to the list of finalists. They only agreed to consider him, however, if he signed the confidentiality waiver. For a month, O'Boyle refused to sign.

In the meantime, the Bucks County D.A.'s office had begun a second investi-

gation of O'Boyle in early May. This one was prompted when a juvenile court officer was told by a boy under the direction of the court that he had been propositioned by O'Boyle in front of his school. But nothing more came of this second D.A.'s investigation besides the boy's testimony—again they didn't request the files from Harrisburg—and it was dropped on May 16th.

The deadline the township supervisors had set for picking the next police chief was May 28th. In a supreme act of brinksmanship, O'Boyle waited until three days before the date to sign his waiver. He finally decided that he had nothing to worry about anyway. When he had gone to Harrisburg eight years earlier to get the child sexual abuse investigation taken out of his personnel file, the state police hadn't been able to find it. Maybe it had been misfiled. Maybe it wasn't there.

What O'Boyle didn't realize, however, was that the state police kept a separate set of criminal files on some of its officers. And incident report #M2-40442, filed nearly ten years earlier, was sitting in a criminal file with his name on it, only one requisition form away from those O'Boyle wanted least to see it. Working against an extremely tight deadline, a private inves-

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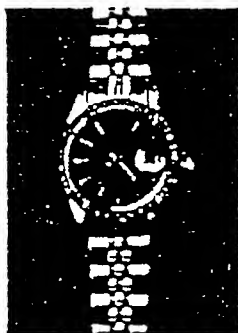
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BOY CRAZY

tigator the township hired was able to piece together the basic outline of O'Boyle's employment history, including the two previous forced police resignations that East Rockhill officials had never known about. It took him only three days to do what two police departments, a D.A.'s office and a group home for children had been unable to do in ten years.

When Volovnik and the other East Rockhill township supervisors read the investigator's report, their jaws dropped. Here were the names, times and dates from a pedophilic sexual episode that the report clearly stated "amounted to a criminal offense." Here was a history of jobs that would give O'Boyle access to young boys. The rumors were obviously true.

Chief Egly and his search committee had already decided that O'Boyle would not be the new East Rockhill police chief. But now the township supervisors had an even bigger problem. Not only couldn't they promote O'Boyle, but they clearly had to fire him. And they didn't know what O'Boyle's many supporters would do when that was announced. After all, they had called Volovnik a "Hitler" and the board of supervisors "three knuckleheads" when O'Boyle didn't score in the top three. How would they react when told that their beloved Officer in Charge was being fired?

Supervisor Volovnik got his answer before he even got inside the Deibler Elementary School—where O'Boyle often cruised the playground looking for "little brothers" during the day. While driving over to the school, Volovnik saw a handwritten sign by the side of the road. It said, "Come to the East Rockhill Township supervisors' meeting and support Jim O'Boyle. Stop the execution!" When he walked up the front steps to the school, he noticed that they had just poured new cement on the top one. Somebody had taken a stick and etched "stop the execution" in the drying concrete.

The 100 or so O'Boyle supporters who had jammed into the room became hysterical when the supervisors announced they were firing O'Boyle "for cause." One man walked up to supervisor Volovnik and shoved a piece of paper before his face. It was a typed resignation with Volovnik's name already filled in. At that point, the supervisor made sure that his wife had an escort out of the room.

O'Boyle was given ten days to appeal the decision of the board. That evening he met with some supporters at the home of Kim Marsian, another woman who liked O'Boyle and had a young son who spent quite a bit of time with the Officer in Charge. The meeting was to be a strategy session, but O'Boyle didn't appear to be in a fighting mood. He looked as if he were

in a trance. He didn't seem anxious to fight his dismissal at all, according to Marsian's best friend Kathy Umstead, one of O'Boyle's staunchest advocates and the president of the local Mothers Against Drunk Driving chapter (for whom O'Boyle had once taped a TV public service announcement). Neither of the women could believe that after all the talk about stopping the "execution," O'Boyle was going to give up. During the next few days, they would find out why.

This time when O'Boyle talked about his little boys, his explanations sounded far less apologetic. The years had changed him. He had eluded charges so many times that he now believed he was untouchable. Perhaps he wasn't "sick" after all, he was beginning to feel. Perhaps his "work" with young men was actually "the Lord's work."

"God gave me this gift, this ability to help boys," he explained to Umstead. "I teach these boys love and gentleness. I think that is why I was put on this earth."

"I'm not hurting these boys. I'm not a molester. I help them learn about themselves. I went through hell until I realized I was gay. Now I'm trying to save these boys from the same hell by getting to them early. God gave me this gift. I give young boys an alternative to the traditional man-woman relationship."

"I don't understand what the law means by 'corrupting morals.' In other countries, parents masturbate their children to sleep at night and I think that is beautiful. Society will change its ideas about this entire issue in the future, because right now we are basically a backward, old-fashioned country."

In fact, he told Umstead, she could stand to loosen up a little sexually herself. He said that the next logical step in her friendship with Marsian was that the two women have sex. "That's the ultimate in any friendship," he insisted.

"But that's not normal," she said.

"Normal is a word that's misused," he shot back.

He suggested that she accompany him to a nudist camp in the Poconos. It was the same camp he had invited several young boys to in the past months. He even offered to pay for her. "The human body is very beautiful and should not be hid," he explained.

When she pointed out that he could be in a lot of trouble and perhaps he should leave the area, O'Boyle adamantly rejected the idea. "I will not constantly be looking over my shoulder and driving five miles under the speed limit to avoid being stopped."

"Besides, I pride myself on my ability to let people see only what I want them to see. I'd never let myself get out of control," he said, now so deluded that he was

BOY CRAZY

blaming the three police jobs he had lost on everything *but* his lack of control with little boys.

O'Boyle made similar confessions to Kim Marsian, including mentioning the names of certain boys he had been "in love with." He wept uncontrollably as he spoke and begged her to believe that his friendship with her was sincere and not an attempt to get at her son. He explained that he was a pedophile and that pedophiles want to nurture their boys, not make them into homosexuals.

"It's mothers who do that," he said. "There's no such thing as a good mother. They destroy their sons."

After listening to O'Boyle, and watching him allow the appeal deadline pass, Marsian and Umstead were convinced that the policeman they had come to know so well had been sexually abusing young boys and could possibly still be doing so. But both women had a problem. They were quite taken with O'Boyle. They wanted to see him stopped, but they didn't want him ruined. They wanted somehow to use the legal system to surgically remove the part of O'Boyle they could not tolerate. Umstead went to Chief Egly with her concerns in early June, providing him with a list of the boys she believed O'Boyle had

been involved with. But not long afterward, she asked Egly to destroy the list. (Umstead says she only told him to destroy the list after he said there was "nothing here.") Marsian also fluctuated in her feelings. One day she was telling Umstead of her suspicions about O'Boyle's crimes, and the next she and J.J. took her son and T.K. on a two-week vacation to Massachusetts.

Like so many who came before him, Chief Egly wasn't sure what to do with the information he had. In his mind, he had already performed one public service. "There's no doubt in my mind that if it wasn't for me, Jim O'Boyle would have been named chief of police in East Rockhill," he says. "The township had no idea what it was doing. It was sad. It was like they had put together a police force by throwing money out of a second-floor window to see who caught it. Their whole force was like Keystone Kops."

Egly acknowledges that he sat on the list for several weeks. He says the first time he contacted anyone in the D.A.'s office was in August, when the policemen's association held a campaign event for First Assistant D.A. Alan Rubenstein, who was about to be elected Bucks County district attorney. He claims to have asked

Rubenstein if the county would be reconvening the investigative grand jury, and suggested that the O'Boyle case should be its first matter of business. Rubenstein denies that the conversation ever took place. Regardless, the information Egly received in June wouldn't reach the detective on the case until October, a fact that would irk him long after the investigation was completed.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

WHILE THE AUTHORITIES began moving tentatively, the summer of 1985 was affording Jim O'Boyle more access to boys. Since O'Boyle wasn't working full time and school was out, he took them to his trailer quite often. His career shattered, his life in ruins, J.J. had very little left to lose. He was sinking deep into depression, and completely losing what little self-control he ever had.

But he also had a dream of redemption. Perhaps more than any other boy O'Boyle had ever been with, T.K. Fegley needed to be rescued from his financially and

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emotionally impoverished home situation. He was far too bright and promising a child to have his spirit broken and his life ruined by the mistakes his mother had made. For all her good intentions, it seemed that T.K.'s mother Janet was just never going to get her life under control, never going to stop blaming the system for her problems, never going to stop having babies long enough to get a job and get off welfare. She had just remarried, and her new husband was living off Social Security.

O'Boyle's plan was to take T.K. away from all that. In what he saw as an act of pure Christian charity and atonement, he was going to work as many jobs as necessary to raise the money to take T.K. away. It would be for T.K.'s own good, whether he wanted to go or not. O'Boyle even dreamed of winning the money he needed, and he started buying Pennsylvania lottery tickets regularly.

He had always been too frightened to tell anyone. He had wondered why nobody had figured out what O'Boyle was doing to him.

But as O'Boyle hatched his grandiose plans, word of his confessed sexual encounters was finally leaking out to somebody willing to do what was necessary to stop him. By October, Kim Marsian and Kathy Umstead had been contacted by the Bucks County district attorney's office, where an investigator had heard through the grapevine—and not from Egly or Rubenstein—that the two women had information about O'Boyle's private life.

In mid-October the investigation officially began. County detective Harry Armitage put more time into investigating O'Boyle over the course of the next three months than all of the ex-cop's employers had invested in the past ten years. He followed leads no matter how obscure. He talked to the mothers nobody had taken seriously before. He tracked down O'Boyle's pedophile pen pal. And he developed a working list of about 25 names of boys he believed O'Boyle had sexually abused.

While the detective was closing in on him, O'Boyle's financial situation became so desperate that he had to give up his dream of redemption completely. He wasn't going to be able to take T.K. away with the meager \$5 an hour he was making as a security guard at a McDonald's restau-

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BOY CRAZY

rant. In fact, money was so tight he had to ask Janet Fegley if he could move in with her and her family for a while. From O'Boyle's point of view, the arrangement was both too good and too terrible to be true. On the one hand, he was going to be living with the little boy he loved. They would be sleeping in the same room together. On the other hand, the fastidious ex-cop could barely stand being in Janet Fegley's house. He found it too filthy. The people who were allowing him to live with them out of the kindness of their hearts were people he could scarcely tolerate, people he had been manipulating for months in order to have sex with the young boy.

As O'Boyle was moving in with the Fegleys, Detective Harry Armitage was preparing for the grand jury. From a law enforcement perspective, the O'Boyle case was especially complicated. A grand jury was usually convened to decide whether someone should be charged with a crime that was already known to have been committed. In this case, no witness had come forward claiming to be a crime victim. The children had any number of reasons for not doing so. They were either embarrassed or they feared that they wouldn't be believed and might even be punished themselves for making such charges. And without their testimony, in the eyes of the law there was no crime. The technique of convening an *investigative* grand jury and actually serving subpoenas on the alleged victims was seldom used in child sexual abuse cases. It was extremely risky. There was no guarantee that any subpoenaed witness would admit to being abused. And it was extremely confrontational, especially for young children who were usually handled delicately by law enforcement officials.

But Detective Armitage and Assistant D.A. Dale Reichley convinced the recently elected district attorney, Alan Rubenstein, to take the risk. Clearly, conventional law enforcement had failed to stop O'Boyle. No fewer than four criminal investigations had been done on him over the past decade in Bucks County alone. And because records of unsuccessful investigations in other counties were not available to the Bucks D.A., there was no telling how many other times O'Boyle had come close to being indicted. Kathy Umstead had told them that she had seen letters in O'Boyle's suitcase pertaining to a 1977 investigation in Schuylkill County, concerning a boy named Billy whose parents apparently brought charges and then withdrew them. (The Schuylkill County D.A.'s office says they have no record of such an investigation, but concedes that since the charges were withdrawn, they wouldn't have any paperwork on the case.) O'Boyle knew he was being investi-

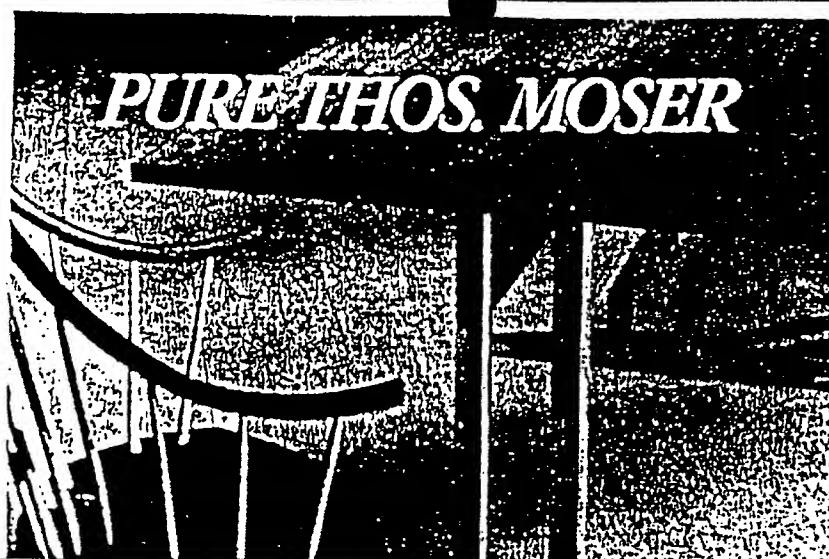
gated. By this time, his life had been reduced to working at McDonald's, chasing around former friends trying to convince them not to testify, and lecturing Janet Fegley, who was letting him live at her house for free, about how she cooked his meals and how she ironed his shirts. Sometimes late at night, with T.K. asleep right next to him, O'Boyle could almost imagine what techniques the investigators were using to try to make their case against him. He wondered how far they would go to get what they needed. He wondered if they would ever find out about the boy to whom he had just read a bedtime story. He wondered what he would do if T.K. was asked to testify. Could he put the boy he loved so dearly through that trauma, in the hope that he *wouldn't* tell the truth, allowing O'Boyle to go free? He knew all the angles. Like most pedophiles, he knew all the laws, all the definitions, all the stat-

O'Boyle blamed himself. And his mother. And the priest who sexually abused him. But he also blamed the state police.

utes of limitations. He had once written out a list of all the crimes he could be charged with and showed it to a friend. He knew the statute of limitations on felony child abuse was five years, and that the charge carried a mandatory five-year prison term. He knew that the statute on all the other sexual misdemeanors was two years, and the sentences were usually fairly light. If he could avoid getting caught on any of the major charges, he might be able to escape with a year or two in prison, or maybe even less time in a psychiatric institution. If the county detective did his job properly, O'Boyle's fate would be decided to a large degree by what T.K. Fegley told them.

O'Boyle had no way of knowing how the grand jury sessions were going. He could only guess who had been called to testify and who had broken the promise of silence he had earlier exacted.

In fact, the grand jury was going better than anyone had ever dreamed. Almost every boy who was called decided to give incriminating evidence against O'Boyle. First came two of his nephews, who had never told anyone about the details of their dealings with O'Boyle. They had just told their parents, long ago, that they didn't want to see Uncle Jim anymore. And from



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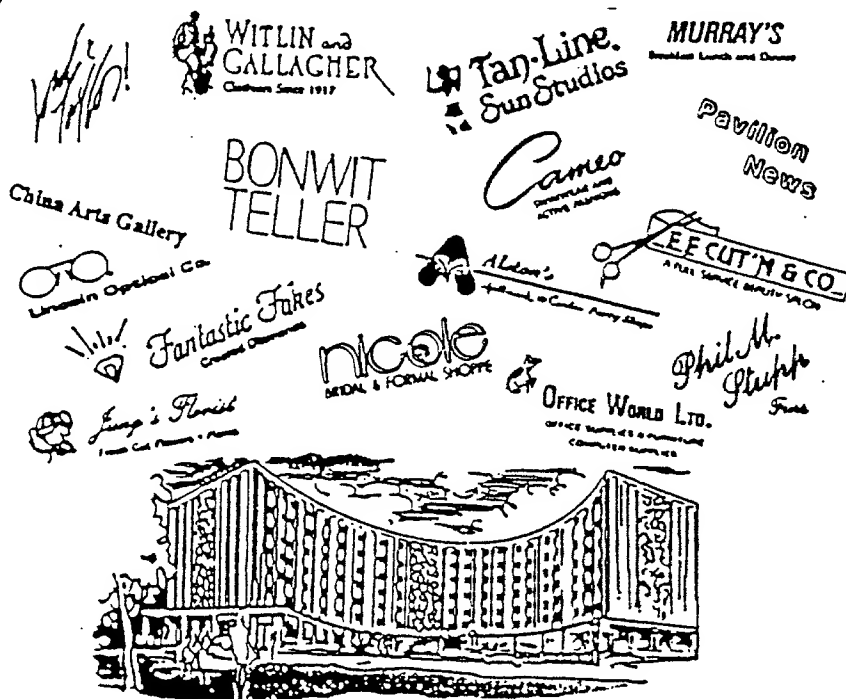
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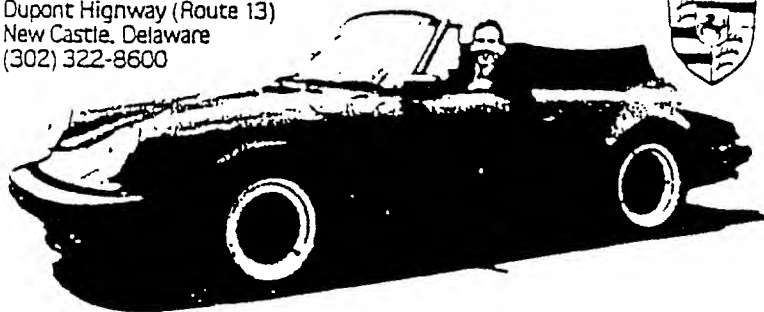
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then on, each session brought more tearful revelations. The shocked members of the grand jury slowly learned the lesson that O'Boyle had lectured Alice Stevens about so long ago when he told her, "There's a lot that you don't know about."

Michael Cowlin, now 19, told all. Detective Armitage had worried that Cowlin's testimony would be too little too late, since most of the abuse had come in the 1970s. But Michael surprised everyone by describing an event in 1982, when O'Boyle approached him in the Richland Mall. This time, the roles were reversed. Cowlin had asked O'Boyle to give him a "blow job." They went back to O'Boyle's apartment, watched movies, fooled around. Even though Cowlin was already 15 at the time, two criminal charges would result from the incident, involuntary deviate sexual intercourse and sexual abuse of children.

In all, 61 witnesses testified before the grand jury. Yet county detectives believe that very few of the young men told the entire story of their abuse. Most of them were willing to admit that O'Boyle showed them movies and books. A few said that O'Boyle tried to touch them, which is as far as most young witnesses will commonly go before they become too embarrassed to tell the rest. But most of them told enough that Detective Armitage felt that would at least be able to get O'Boyle off the streets for a while. The key to the case, however, would be T.K. Fegley. He was being saved for last. Unfortunately for T.K., because he was being saved for last, neither he nor his parents were contacted by the D.A. until late spring. As was usual, kids were subpoenaed only days before they were supposed to testify. So for three months, Detective Armitage was pretty sure that O'Boyle was living with the Fegleys and sleeping in the same room with T.K. But he couldn't play his investigative trump card until the right moment, for fear that O'Boyle might be able to squirm through the net again.

Armitage came to meet the boy at school. T.K. was called down to the principal's office and his mother was asked to come in. He had no idea what was happening. But as the detective explained why he was there, a powerful feeling began to come over the young boy. The day he had prayed for had finally come. He had wondered for all these months why nobody, no adult, had figured out what O'Boyle was doing to him. He had always thought, hoped, that his mother would find out.

He had always been too frightened to tell anyone. He was sure his parents would yell at him if he told. And he was convinced that O'Boyle would kidnap him if anyone found out. Every time O'Boyle had said he wanted to "take him away from all

this," T.K. thought back to a TV commercial he had once seen with McGruff the Crime Dog. The cartoon spokesman had warned young kids about people who wanted to kidnap them. That's what T.K. had thought O'Boyle was going to do.

He remembered how it had felt the first few times, before he learned how to just numb himself. How the burly cop had removed his uniform and then had come to take off T.K.'s clothes. How he had resisted, forcing O'Boyle to yank the clothes off him. How his whole body shook when O'Boyle touched him. How O'Boyle had that weird look in his eyes as he kept repeating, "I love you, I love you" and "It's OK, we're allowed to do this." How O'Boyle kept saying, "Relax, relax" until the word and the act were so inextricably linked in T.K.'s young mind that whenever anyone said relax, he shuddered. How he had cried afterward. And how, even though T.K. was crying, O'Boyle seemed to believe that he had actually liked it.

He also remembered all the good times and the closeness. The trips O'Boyle had taken him on. The days when he waited patiently at the top of the gravel driveway for O'Boyle to come home from work. Sunday nights when O'Boyle would give dramatic readings of the funny papers while they snuggled together in bed.

But he knew that whatever was good about Jim O'Boyle had long ago been overwhelmed by what was bad about him. When the detective said he wanted to talk to him about "a bad guy," T.K. knew exactly who he was referring to. And he had long since stopped wondering if what he and O'Boyle were doing was wrong. It was wrong. And it was going to stop. Now.

T.K. was going to testify. And Jim O'Boyle was going to be indicted.

When Janet Fegley found out what had been going on under her roof all these months, she threw O'Boyle out of the house. Not so much because she was sure he had to go, but because one of her nosy neighbors said she would report the Fegleys to child welfare if they didn't get O'Boyle out of there. The next day, Jim wanted to talk.

"I don't appreciate you sexually abusing my son," Janet Fegley said.

"All I did was teach him how to masturbate," O'Boyle replied.

"That's not up to you to do."

"What do you want me to do, Janet? What should I do? What should I do?" he asked, his eyes welling up with tears.

"All I know is that I don't want T.K. to go through this. I think it would be better if you just turned yourself in."

"Yeah, I know," he said, the tears now flowing harder. "Well, make sure he goes to church. And make sure he listens to you. . . ."

O'Boyle turned around and walked through the paneled living room and out the yellow front door of the run-down house. He got into his silver 1977 Olds 88 and flipped down the sun visor, where there were school pictures of T.K. and several other young boys. He turned on the ignition and drove to Doylestown, where he asked to see the assistant district attorney, with whom he had worked on innumerable cases throughout the years.

"I'm not a bad guy," he said. "But I am a pedophile. Now you guys know the inner me."

WHEN IT WAS OVER, everybody would blame everybody else. Assistant D.A. Dale Reichley would blame East Rockhill Township for not checking O'Boyle's past before hiring him, and the state police for not letting anyone know about the conditions of his resignation.

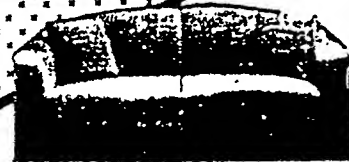
Chief Egly would blame the state police for not being more aggressive in pursuing an indictment on O'Boyle. "You've got to work a little harder on it," he said. "You have to explain to the parents that the child is going to live with this for the rest of his life, and it's not an easy thing to live with. You have to explain how many other children might have to live with it if they don't come forward. When it happened in 1976, he should have been suspended and departmental hearings should have been held. If they had enough to take his job away, they probably had enough to prosecute him." But he would also blame the legal system. "Everybody was afraid of being sued. We get law liability reports all the time at the police station. You can't just go on rumors and you can't legally spread them, either. All the cops up there knew about O'Boyle from the day he resigned the state police. But nobody wanted to touch it."

L.L. Edward Munchberg, now retired from the state police, would blame the parents. "We did a good investigation," he said. "No deals were made. There was no cover-up at all. The information was put right in the file in black and white. But the parents didn't want their kids to testify. The one mother (Maggie Cowlin), you couldn't say anything derogatory about him to her. She thought Jim O'Boyle was the epitome of a police officer. What was I supposed to do? And all this stuff about us doing an internal investigation or a court-martial? Well, you need witnesses for a court-martial too, you know. If we didn't have the witnesses to testify against him in court, we didn't have them for a court-martial either."

Jim O'Boyle would blame himself. And his mother. And the priest who sexually abused him. But he would also blame the state police.

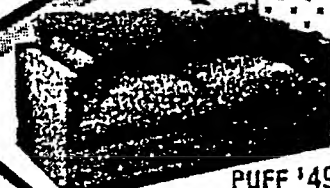
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"I'm where I'm at now because of what they didn't do," he said, seated in the visiting area at the State Correctional Institution at Rockview, where he is serving his 10- to 20-year term. "If they had fired me in 1976 and charged me with contributing to the delinquency of a minor . . . it would have stopped a lot of things."

When it was over, O'Boyle also tried to understand what had happened and why. "The psychologist here says I'm having a hard time with remorse," he said. "Well, I'm not going to put on sackcloth and dust. The psychologist also says I have a lot of 'ego myths' that developed over the years. Myths that these mothers all wanted to have sex with me. Myths that these boys got a lot of things out of me. But they did get a lot. They got better grades. They accepted themselves. I encouraged them to have their own opinions. While their mothers were busy falling in love with me, I was teaching these boys everything about life, showing them art, taking them to concerts. I just hope the sexual end didn't tear that down."

"I should be here in prison. It's not doing me any bad. I'm at peace. I've grown closer to the church, although I always have been close to the church. I think in my whole life I've missed mass maybe ten times. And I have always made confession, although maybe I worded what happened a little differently."

"I don't think I could go out and do anything with a young person again. I feel I can learn adjusted behavior. But there are so many people in this prison waiting for the same kind of help, that it will probably be over a year before I can get into the sexual abuser program. That bothers me. Aren't I deserving of help now? Why must I wait? I want to get it done, because I think I could help other people with these things."

"That's why I wanted this article written, to be exposed and to expose the disease and the crimes. If this article can help one person, then it would be worth it. Sex abuse is more common than you think."

"I know that if I met the right woman I could have a happy marriage. I have one person in mind, a beautiful person. I have no problem with her. I'm not gay. I don't think you're born with sexual feelings. I think sex habits are learned during childhood, probably up until the age of ten. Whatever happens during those years has a lot to do with it. If you have a domineering mother and a wimpish father, you're treading on thin ice. I still think the parents have the main role in sexual development."

"What impact does what I did have on these boys? Well, I did teach them about girls, too. But remember, it was their parents or lack of parents that brought them

to the point where they would succumb to me and need my love. I was giving them the loving . . . and the pleasure. Yes, I thoroughly enjoyed it, it was the best around. Sex was the immediate need I had and the need they had was for caring. The circumstances just happen to be there and you take advantage of them."

"It's the innocence of a child's trust that can sometimes bring out those feelings. Anybody who doesn't like children or dogs . . . well, there's something wrong with them." ■■

WHERE TO GET HELP

VERY FEW PEOPLE who are sexually abused ever seek professional help. "Not only are many victims unaware of the help that's available," says Dr. Samuel Kirschner of the Institute for Comprehensive Therapy, "but, because they are so young, many of them are not even aware that they have been treated abnormally." If you have been sexually abused—recently or 20 years ago—be aware that you might need professional counseling. If you are a sex offender, counseling is available for you as well. All services listed below are free except where noted. Many are not, however, completely confidential, since a child abuse complaint often generates a criminal investigation.

EMERGENCY SERVICES

Pennsylvania state child abuse hot line, 800-932-0313. A 24-hour, statewide hot line that not only directs victims to help but registers reports of suspected child abuse. Each call activates an investigation.

Pennsylvania Children and Youth Services: Located in every Pennsylvania county, this is the county agency that handles child abuse. Within two hours they assign severe cases to social workers who will contact the victims' families within 24 hours. Besides a network of over 50 therapy centers across the state, CYS also offers home visits by social workers.

Philadelphia: 686-6000 (day); 686-6100 (24-hour hot line)

Montgomery County: 278-5300 (day); 275-1222 (24-hour hot line)

Delaware County: 891-4800 (day); 891-5059 (24-hour hot line)

Bucks County: 345-3369 (day); 348-3524 (24-hour hot line)

Chester County: 431-6114 (day); 431-6578 (24-hour hot line)

Lehigh County: 820-3064 (24-hour hot line)

New Jersey Division of Youth and Family Services: 800-792-8610 (24-hour hot line); out of state, 609-588-2999. New Jersey offers a statewide child abuse program. The local effort, based in Camden, provides physical and psychological evaluation through Cooper Hospital and JFK Hospital in Stratford.

MEDICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL HELP

(charges on a sliding scale unless otherwise noted)

Children's Hospital, 34th and Civic Center Boulevard, 596-9100. Offers comprehensive medical and psychological help for victims 12 and younger. Older victims are referred to Thomas Jefferson Hospital. Also offers Supportive Child Adult Network (596-9538), with free individual, family and home therapy, and medical checkups, only through referral of the county Department of Human Services.

Thomas Jefferson University Hospital Emergency Room Crisis Center, 11th and Walnut streets, 928-6541. Treats sex abuse victims of all ages.

Cooper Hospital University Medical Center Scan Team, 609-342-2001. An outpatient medical evaluations service subsidized through the state Youth and Family Services.

Joseph J. Peters Institute, 260 South Broad Street, 893-0600. Outpatient psychiatric clinic offering individual, group and family therapy.

Cumberland Life Center, locations in South Philadelphia (755-7336 or 546-5527), West Philadelphia (476-1516), Germantown (842-2777), and Kensington (739-7850 or 426-5116 for Spanish-speaking callers). Life Centers are long-term outpatient psychotherapy clinics, offering individual and family therapy, as well as play therapy for victims age five and up.

Institute for Comprehensive Family Therapy, 2026 Chestnut (Philadelphia) and Gwynedd Plaza II, Spring House, 646-4510. Individual and family therapy for the abused child and the offender.

Northwest Psychotherapy Associates, 709 Fox Hollow Road, Gwynedd Valley, 628-0177. Individual and support group therapy for adults who were sexually abused as children.

Family Service of Philadelphia, 311 South Juniper Street, 875-3300. Offers individual counseling for abused children and their parents, as well as re-

errals to group therapy, foster housing or medical care.

Alliance for Creative Development, Route 309, Quakertown, 538-2686. Short and long-term psychotherapy, family therapy and counseling. Associated with Quakertown Hospital.

Parent Action Network, 1401 Arch Street, 727-3687. Offers support groups for sexually abused children, sexually abused female teens, as well as mothers of abused children and women who were abused as children. On-site child care service is provided for mothers with small children, and the Network will reimburse victims' travel expenses.

Women Organized Against Rape, 125 South 9th Street, 922-3434 (24-hour hot line). Free individual counseling and evaluation services for all victims of sexual abuse, with group therapy for adults only. They also offer help with medical and legal problems, as well as conducting seminars in public schools and publishing literature on sexual abuse.

Victims Services Center, Norristown, 277-5200 (24-hour hot line). Offers individual therapy for sexually abused children and individual and support group therapy for adolescent victims.

Genesis Counseling Center, Collingswood, N.J. 609-858-9314. Treats victims of both sexual and physical abuse. Also offers marriage and family therapy, as well as individual and group therapy for outpatient abuse offenders.

Philly Kids Play It Safe, 1300 Chestnut Street, 289-SAFE (24-hour hot line). Free support groups for child and adolescent victims, as well as adults who were abused as children.

LEGAL SERVICES

Support Center for Child Advocacy, 735-0210. Provides free legal representation for the abused child, usually through referral by local law enforcement or the Department of Human Services.

Juvenile Law Center, 625-0551. Free legal representation for young victims of any type of abuse. By referral only.

To initiate a criminal investigation: Contact local police or the local district attorney's office in your county.

—Shawn Chilton

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